The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XII NO. 17 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1935 TEN CENTS A COPY

IN THIS ISSUE

GEORGE SANTAYANA
Oliver Chooses to be a Boy

BASIL DAVENPORT
Reviews "Honey in the Horn" by H. L. Davis

SAMUEL NOCK
Reviews "We the Accused" by Ernest Raymond

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON
Reviews "The Magnate" by Hermann Hagedorn

ROBERT DISRAELI
News Pictures of the Month

M. A. Bravo

H. L. DAVIS

"The comparison with 'Huckleberry Finn' is so obvious that the reviewer struggles not to use it, and so inevitable that he uses it after all" . . . *(See page 7)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BEST IN LATEST BOOKS

Lewis Browne's "All Things Are Possible"

An astonishingly realistic re-creation in fiction of the story of the Crucifixion — a tale of terror and beauty, of savagery and sublime faith. $2.50

Walter Havighurst's "Pier 17"

A powerful and compelling novel; full of action and drama. One of the first books about a big modern strike which vividly holds the reader. $2.00

Laurence Whistler's "Four Walls"

Awarded the King's Medal for the year's best book of poems in England, over hundreds of competitors. A real contribution to the poetry of the age. $1.25

Paul I. Wellman's "Death in the Desert"

The author of Death on the Prairie in vivid journalistic style describes the bitter struggle between Indians and whites for the southwestern mesas. $3.00

at good bookstores everywhere

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

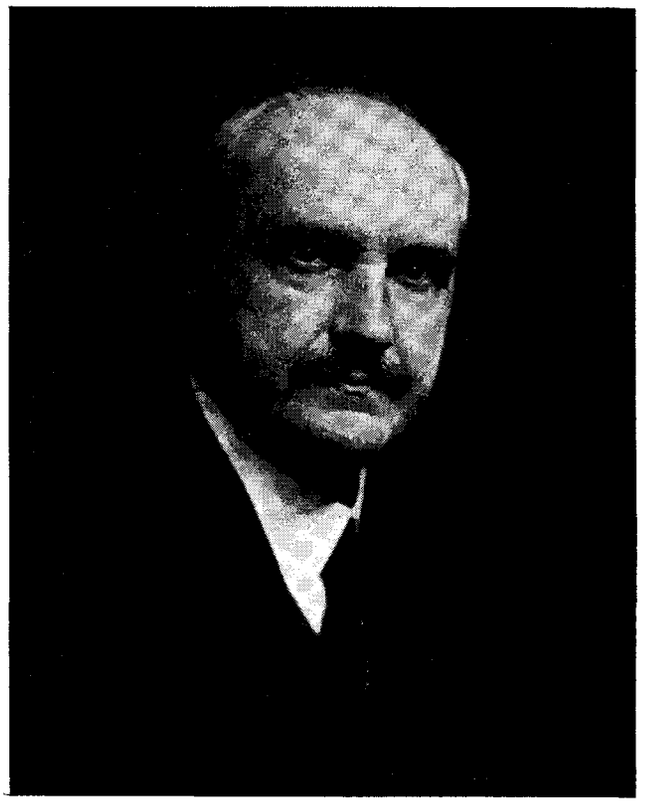
60 Fifth Avenue - - - New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oliver Chooses to Be a Boy

BY GEORGE SANTAYANA

THE child had come punctually. This first grave and alarming duty of entering into the world was performed not only unflinchingly but with a flourish: for this thoroughly satisfactory child was a boy. His little organism, long before birth, had put aside the soft and drowsy temptation to be a female. It would have been so simple for the last pair of chromosomes to have doubled up like the rest, and turned out every cell in the future body complete, well-balanced, serene, and feminine. Instead, one intrepid particle decided to live alone, unmated, unsatisfied, restless, and masculine; and it imposed this unstable romantic equilibrium on every atom of the man-child's flesh, and of the man-child's sinews. To be a male means to have chosen the more arduous, though perhaps the less painful adventure, more remote from home, less deeply rooted in one soil and one morality. It means to be pledged to a certain courage, to a certain recklessness about the future: and if these risks are to be run without disaster, there should be also a greater buoyancy, less sensitiveness, less capacity for utter misery, than women commonly show. Yet this compensation is sometimes lacking. Mysterious influences may cross and pervade the system, and send through it, as it were, a nostalgia for femininity, for that placid, motherly, comfortable fulness of life proper to the generous female.



GEORGE SANTAYANA

Had the unborn Oliver decided to be a girl, he—or rather she—could hardly have been blamed. Such a result would have been equally involuntary, equally normal, equally useful; yet somehow it would have been disappointing. Our admirably gentle and admirably stern Oliver Alden, always choosing the darker and the ruder duty, would have missed existence. Or he would have begun—and how wrong that would have been!—by cheating his mother's hopes. Because while Mrs. Alden always declared that women were intellectually the equals of men and morally their superiors, yet she would have felt that a little girl was only a second-best baby: and how ill that would have gone with her settled determination that everything in her new life—except perhaps her husband—should be absolutely first rate! No: Providence was rewarding her for aiming high.

The child was a fine boy, full weight, perfectly formed, fair-skinned with large grey eyes, and a little fuzz of limp, yellow hair. At the first contact with freedom he wagged his arms and legs about vigorously, experimentally, silently: he seemed ready for everything, anxious for nothing, willing to wait and see. Philosophy possessed the soul of this child from his first breath: inarticulately, of course, as it was destined, at bottom, to remain always; because the words which his education supplied were not capable of uttering it truly. But in action, in determination, and by a sort of inner blind fortitude, his faith was distinctly in him from the beginning. There were good things and there were bad things, and there was an equal duty to pull through both and come out somehow on the further side of all trouble. At least, so I venture to put it into words for him, words which wouldn't have satisfied him; but at this first moment of his existence I may presume to understand him better than he understood himself.

The wisdom of these dumb principles was at once confirmed by the ministrations of doctors, nurses, parents, and officious friends. They all helped him to attain good and avoid evil and to endure beyond, in a slumber full of seething possibilities. An experienced nurse, almost a lady-doctor, at once took him in charge. An old iron-handed eight-day clock, in a white apron and cap, could not have been more punctual. The bath, the bottle, the change of linen, the way of being vigorously tucked into his cot, or strapped into his perambulator, seemed to have been decreed by the Medes and Persians. Experience, duty, and science left little to chance. And life, at least physical life, in the model infant responded perfectly to each appointed stimulus. It was seldom necessary to cry; it was never appropriate to laugh.

His education, in spite of such excellent diligent masters, was carried on exclusively by himself. It consisted in learning the places of goods and evils, and the way they followed one another. That wagging of arms and legs, together with the habit of staring and following the light with his eyes, proved to be very useful for this ethical purpose. Goods and evils turned out to be arranged in a circle or sphere, in what Nurse called his skin, or a little under this, in what she called his tummy; but there were some goods and evils that escaped beyond or came from beyond, such as the bottle when it was not yet or no longer in his mouth; and these potential goods and evils, which Nurse called things, extended very far and had a tre-

(*Continued on next page*)

Next Week

ELLEN GLASGOW
By DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN

DWELL IN THE WILDERNESS
By ALVAH C. BESSIE
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mendously complicated life of their own, which Oliver himself afterwards called the world. Even that was not all: for deeper down and higher up than his tummy, there were a lot of other goods and evils, not traceable by the eye, nor possible to run after and take hold of with the hand, when they showed a tendency to run away: and these were himself, his mind, his soul. The mind was the most entertaining and satisfactory region of all in which to keep your goods and evils: nobody else could get at them: and provided the evils were not too violent, like being carried away from what you wanted to do to what you didn't want to do, it was most amusing to have that private world of your own, and talk to yourself about it.

Every day accentuated the difference between himself and what happened to him. Living, real, and self-justified was only his own will, the inner spring of his being, the centre and judge of all that unaccountably went on. The world might sometimes seem obsequious and willing to be commanded: but presently it became tiresome, did what it shouldn't do, and showed itself to be cruelly alien, besetting, and unavoidable. This inexplicable wrongness in the world extended inwards sometimes into his own person, when his hands and feet wouldn't do things properly, or he choked or sneezed; all such interference of himself with himself was most ignominious and discouraging. Yes, and something even worse could happen. Fatality, or alien accident, could invade that secret self of his which nobody else could see, and where at least he ought to have been able to play as he chose. But no: things would sometimes go wrong or run thin even there. The interest would die out, the pictures would fade or become ugly and frightening, and you couldn't stop the silly old words repeating and repeating themselves.

These were private hidden troubles, not frequent or serious: they could be dismissed when you were really awake and doing anything important, such as filling your pail with gravel. Little Oliver escaped almost all the ills of childhood: he was never really hungry or furious, never very ill or much hurt. But when he was hurt at all, he was deeply injured, because his feelings were hurt also. He *ought not* to have been hurt: why then, was he? Even when he grew old enough to understand that sometimes it was his own fault and sometimes other people's and sometimes nobody's fault, but just chance, he was far from reconciled to any of these sources of evil: and he stored up his resentment or his discouragement. Even when things went well, he couldn't be really joyful. They had gone wrong so often, they would probably go wrong again soon. Why make such a show of gladness? All explanations and apologies, all invitations to see how pretty things were, and what fun it would be to play at this or that—though he listened quietly and looked attentively and played as he was told—left quite undiminished and unreconciled the deep displeasure that had sunk into his little heart. It was a proud displeasure, firmly condemning and rejecting everything that was wrong: but though almost everything might be wrong, the inner oracle that condemned and rejected was sure of being itself right, and was not in the least dismayed. Round this coral island, just risen above the sea but invisibly planted on the rock-bottom, the strongest waves were compelled to break; and not only could this young microcosm turn them into a fringe of foam following its own contours, but it could surround itself, within that outer reef, with a belt of calm ancillary lagoons; beyond them the surf of persistent circumstance might pound all day quite harmlessly, and be muffled by distance when, prophetically, it sounded through the impenetrable night.

Miss Tirkettle—such was the nurse's name—was admirably fitted to look after the baby before he could walk or talk, the first of which he did long before the second: action for him was the simpler, the quicker way of escaping, and finding new ground. Yet even action had its difficulties. The first and most serious in his case, was to find something to do. There were no other children to play with. The nearest neighbors were not friends of Mrs. Alden's, and their children would not have been well-behaved or well-spoken, and probably rough and dirty. There was Fuzzy-Wuzzy, the gardener's dog: it was Letitia Lamb that had given him that nice name—and nevertheless Fuzzy-Wuzzy would always be running away after the more exciting society of other dogs: because, as Mrs. Alden explained, Letitia Lamb was poor, and though she might give a dog a nice name she couldn't give him any biscuits.

The advent of Fräulein Schlote was a blessing all round. Mrs. Alden, on whom everything depended, smiled on the newcomer from the beginning. The first glimpse of her had been a great relief. A foreign governess had suggested so many unpleasant possibilities, even crimes: mightn't she steal Mrs. Alden's jewels, or have some secret paramour, or set fire to the house, out of sheer wickedness? But no: this was no tall, thin, dark, severely critical foreign woman, with aristocratic pretensions; no embittered grand lady, compelled by adversity to become a dependent in a family of rich barbarians, whom she despised. This Irma was all smiling deference and unfeigned admiration; such a little blonde thing, too, looking very young for her twenty years.

Mrs. Alden liked to be waited on and obeyed, but she hated servants. Servants were alien presences that made her nervous, like a strange cat in the room. She was unpleasantly aware of them passing behind her back, or prowling stealthily about the doors. It was a strain to feel oneself observed by creatures who, however dull they might be and given to routine, were morally independent and probably hostile: automatic creatures that had to be watched, to see if they continued to work normally, and did what was expected of them. The relation between masters and servants seemed to her profoundly inhuman, profoundly immoral: she welcomed every mechanical device, every social arrangement that might eliminate servants. Her tribe had lost, if it ever had possessed, the charitable principle of Christian society, which made possible a familiar union, devoted and merry, between high and low, and freed a motley world from competition and envy. She could never have been with any grace the mistress of a great household, in some castle or palace filled with wayfarers and men-at-arms, craftsmen hammering, old women spinning,

(*Continued on page* 16)

Maine Island

By HARRY KEMP

THE First Day of the world comes with each dawn . . .
The waves heave up with subterranean shocks,
And primitive thunder pours from gushing rocks;
And then the voluming cannonades, withdrawn,
Batter against three headlands further on
Where Ocean's giant fist, incessant, knocks.
The white gulls rise and dip, in rhythmic flocks,
As if they were the crested breakers' spawn.
Breath is adventure here. One drinks a sky
At every draught, and takes an ocean down :
Horizons bring such opening to the eye
That pyramids grow pigmies of renown:
Those twins, Eternity and Infinity, stand
The Soul's last monoliths, on either hand!

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by The Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XII, No. 17, August 24, 1935. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Croesus and the Bolsheviks

THE MAGNATE: WILLIAM BOYCE THOMPSON AND HIS TIME. By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

WILLIAM BOYCE THOMPSON was the child of Rocky Mountain pioneers. Born in 1869 during the silver rush in Nevada, his boyhood and youth were spent in the equally rough frontier community of

THE MAGNATE AT FOUR

Butte, Montana, during what might be called the copper rush. Yet Thompson himself was no pioneer. He was sent East to be educated at Phillips Exeter—which in itself showed how the Great West had grown up. At school he possessed long advantages over his classmates in his knowledge of poker. ("Shucks, they teach poker in Sunday school where I come from!") Hence, it is not suprising that after some years of indifferent business venturing in the mining camps of the West, he drifted to Wall Street and staked out a fabulous gambler's claim for himself there. Thompson played for mountains of paper securities rather than mountains of porphyry. Nothing happened to him, save that stealthy-footed, wordless, trusting no man, he won millions upon millions and became one of the Big Fish in the market during the generation between 1904 and 1929. It was the time when, as Veblen has observed, the big money generally went, not to the prospector and engineer, but to the banker, especially to the type of "investment banker"—alias Market Maker or Speculative Leader—who directed public savings toward industrial promotions and their attendant stock flotations. Something of a monomaniac, with a hundred million more or less, Thompson was, as Mr. Hagedorn trenchantly says, "a type of the great American success and the great American failure: the man who rises . . . through struggle to wealth and finds that in the strain of the achieving he has lost the power to enjoy the things achieved."

Yet Thompson had his whims and *tics*, and his capable biographer makes the most of them. Copper mines flourished during the World War, and Thompson was a mighty enough member of the nobility of money to figure in the "community of interest" between the houses of Guggenheim and Morgan. When our government entered the war, Thompson offered to head the Red Cross Mission to Russia, and in June 1917, with Mr. Henry Davison's blessings, he went to the new Republic of Citizen Kerensky.

In Mr. Hagedorn's apparently authentic account the head of the Red Cross Mission to Russia "was conscious of a responsibility beyond the obvious confines of an errand of mercy." It was the moment when the beaten Russian soldiers were pouring back from the front and the Allies, extremely anxious to have Russia resume the fight against the Central Powers, were in the dark as to what was happening. Time was pressing, and the Bolsheviks, above all, were pressing, while the cry of "Peace-Land-Bread" was rising. Kerensky struggled to reform the long Eastern line with war-weary Russians, and Thompson, though present in an eleemosynary capacity, decided to aid him. He gave Kerensky a million dollars of his own money, to help fight the rising tide of Bolshevism, whose danger both he and his colleague, Raymond Robins, clearly measured. Thompson bet on the wrong political horse. But, as Mr. Hagedorn conjectures, he may have helped to keep Kerensky in power longer, and thus to detain portions of the German army on the Eastern Front, in 1917-18.

Leaving Russia thereafter in the hands of Lenin and company, Thompson, greatly sobered by what he had seen of social revolution, returned and added his testimony to that of Robins on the realities of the Russian situation. He urged everywhere that the Allied governments recognize and coöperate with the Bolsheviks who, in his opinion, held a real and permanent power. Lloyd George listened to him, as Bruce Lockart relates; but in Washington, Mr. Wilson refused to see him. The Allies' policy toward revolutionary Russia was compounded of *tragic ignorance and hysteria.*

Mr. Hagedorn's account of his hero is brightly written. Many an anecdote is well chosen and illuminating. He has had access to the private papers of Colonel Thompson and the aid of the copper baron's heirs and friends. Though loyal in his tone, as befits an "authorized" biographer, and leaving many things unsaid, he none the less maintains sufficient objectiveness toward his great man to permit the reader to draw his own balance. To this reader the balance was a blank or negative one, except that he gained in understanding of our Second Generation Financiers, the Insulls, Mitchells, and Wiggins who were Thompson's confrères.

Once, some years ago, a distinguished university professor who frequented Chicago pork packers and utility operators told me of his impressions of those great persons.

"When you go out with them on a vacation," he said, "on a yacht up the Lakes to the woods in Minnesota, they seem no longer great money barons but *just a bunch of boys.*"

I have the impression of Thompson that every time he wandered from his Wall Street telephone, to Russia, or politics, or modern science or Italian Renaissance Art, he was just a big boy.

Matthew Josephson, critic and writer, is author of "Robber Barons," sketches of great American capitalists.

THE MAIN STREET OF VIRGINIA CITY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But for the Grace of God

WE THE ACCUSED. By Ernest Raymond. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by SAMUEL NOCK

IF the desire to kill and the opportunity to kill came together, Mark Twain once asked, who would escape hanging? It is a rather uncomfortable question to consider, especially when one has read "We the Accused," the story of a much less interesting man than most of us associate with, whose life was much duller and drearier than our own lives and the lives of our friends.

Unlike Ludwig Lewisohn's fascinating Mr. Crump, Paul Presset had a wife who was not particularly trying in any way; and yet he killed her. He killed her because circumstance, and his own rather pathetic psychological make-up, combined to make that murder seem the natural and proper thing to do. Only through his wife's death could little Mr. Presset find the happiness and peace that he desired, peace and freedom to live with his loved one. Fifty years old, scrawny, futile, rather ridiculous than otherwise, Mr. Presset had at last found love, and love that was returned by the thirty-year-old kindergarten teacher who had never found much of anything in life before. As the love grew, Mr. Presset's sense of oppression with his wife, and despair in contemplation of the future, grew with it; and at last a desire which he had not dared to admit to himself combined with circumstance and a few drinks to make Mr. Presset a murderer.

In watching the career of Mr. Presset from that time on, we may guess how a murderer feels—not a heartless and cold-blooded murderer such as G-men pursue, not a diabolically clever killer that it takes a Dr. Thorndyke to run to earth; but a rather less than ordinary man who happens to be a murderer. We see how careless gossip and vanity in others may weave a net to entrap one who thinks himself secure; we see how the police—in this story not at all remarkable for brilliance—may patiently add datum to datum until a case is complete. And much more important, we see how the trifling man feels when he finds himself caught.

When Paul and Myra run away in an endeavor to escape the police, we follow them in a thrilling and yet heartbreaking man-hunt—a hunt which can have but one conclusion, but which is so well told that we hope and suffer along with the fugitives. We follow the trial, which also can end in but one way, with some small sympathetic hope that in some way or other Paul Presset may escape hanging. For, although he did by chance and even by inclination become a murderer, Paul was, as Myra said, more good than bad, and not nearly as bad as many others.

Yet, although the story in itself is as exciting as a good detective story, and although we follow with keen interest the events of the tale, it is the insight into the thoughts and feelings, the loves and despairs and loyalties, of the principal characters that is most impressive in this book. We not only know how little things may lead up to an ugly crime—and Paul's is certainly ugly and mean; we also know what it is to be the hare when the hounds close in; we know what it is like to hope against certainty; we know what it is to count out three weeks, hour by hour, minute by minute, till the clock strikes nine on a certain morning; we know, too, how others feel during all this time. With profound insight, Ernest Raymond has shown the effects of a murder on many people very much like people we know.

MELVIN LOSTUTTER

In this novel are drama and poetry, excitement and gentleness, and above all a knowledge of humanity and a perception of human goodness however much clouded by weakness and evil. Here is the story of murder, not as it appears in the newspapers, but as it is written in the hearts and minds of men and women.

A Fellow to George F. Babbitt

HIGH FEVER. By Melvin Lostutter. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. LOSTUTTER, an Indiana newspaperman, has written a novel completely alien to the Hoosier tradition, but nevertheless the most creditable work of fiction that has come out of Indiana since McCready Huston's "Dear Senator." It is a parable of the Golden Age, the incredible decade 1919-1929 as incarnate in Spruce Tucker the promoter "out to sell anything at any price to a public willing to buy anything at any price"; as Clarence Darrow calls him, at the end of the book, in a speech defending one of his victims on trial for murder. Just after the Armistice, Spruce Tucker, a salesman making small towns in the Tennessee mountains, encountered Caleb Craig, returned war hero, ex-feudist, and rural preacher; and with a touch of that vision which in greater men was soon to transform America he realized that here was something which a smart salesman could run into money.

Thereafter, as an animal trainer lives on his enslaved pets who could turn on him and tear him to pieces if they ever realized what was going on, for ten years Spruce Tucker lived on Caleb Craig; using him first as an evangelist, then as a missionary for the Ku Klux Klan, then as a lecturer for Florida real estate developments, and finally as radio pastor of the Little Church Around the Dial, a large part of whose function was the dissemination of tips on the bull market. It will be observed that Mr. Lostutter covers the principal activities of the Golden Decade and he does a good job of it, recalling forgotten fashions, habits, turns of phrase in the manner that gave a reminiscent charm to "Only Yesterday." Call this journalism and not art if you like; when an artist writes one of these fictional surveys of history he gives free rein to his artistic vision and the product, whatever else it may be, is often a long way from the observed and remembered facts. A newspaperman is more scrupulous. Mr. Lostutter is defending no thesis except the fairly obvious one that the salesmen ruined America; he might or might not endorse the cogent Marxian contention that the salesmen were an inevitable product of the economic setup, but that is beside his point, and he makes the point he is driving at economically and entertainingly. He is not a Lewis, but as the personification of the dominant tendency in the America of his time Spruce Tucker is not unworthy of being hung in the gallery with George F. Babbitt.

The depression helped to speed and complete the eventual disaster that befell Spruce Tucker; but the disaster was already in train, a logical outgrowth of all his doings. So finally Caleb Craig and his wife went back to the hills, walking barefoot to do penance for the sins into which Spruce Tucker had led them. Valid enough, for these two people, but here the fable parts company with its implication; Uncle Sam, unfortunately, cannot go back to the hills.

Erratum

By the kind of self-hypnosis by which one sees in proof not what is there but what should be there, in the review last week of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's "North to the Orient" reference was allowed to slip through to Greenland when Alaska was intended in its place.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Huck Finn in New Guise

HONEY IN THE HORN. By H. L. Davis. New York: Harper & Bros. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IT is not often that a reviewer receives a book which makes him look forward to reading it again, slowly, for his own pleasure, after he has finished dealing with it as a matter of duty; but "Honey in the Horn" is that rare kind of book. It is no book to read in haste, for it contains a world—"a whole ruffian world of pioneers"—the world of Oregon in 1908, just before the railroads reached it. It is the story of a sixteen year old boy, Clay Calvert, who is mixed up in a jail break and finds it advisable to get out of the way for a while till things blow over. He is joined by a horse-trader's girl, Luce, and, mostly in her company, ranges over all Oregon, picking hops, herding sheep, harvesting hay, travelling with a drunken steamboat captain, crossing the homestead lands.

Clay sees much of Oregon, but we see much more, for we have by us the author, who is constantly being reminded, in an easy-going drawl, of how somebody lived or died. When Clay has saved a flock of sheep, Mr. Davis comments:

> To duck off to the mountains without claiming credit for saving them would have been acting like old Luke Phipps, who cut his own wages from a dollar and a half to a dollar a day because fractions made his head hurt.

There are local legends, like that or longer and bloodier, upon every page.

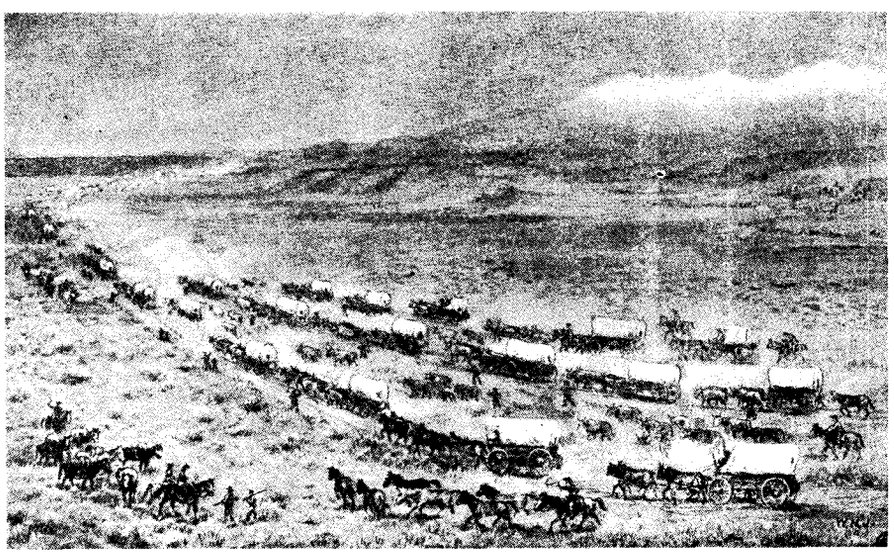
The book approaches, upon one side, that overrated piece of Americana, the tall story, but keeps properly clear of it; its exploits are all possible, and do not stray into the impossible, which is so much easier to imagine. This is the good, primitive, true stuff on which the other is built; the honest "Chanson de Roland" on which are reared the topheavy "Orlando Furiosos" of Paul Bunyan and John Henry. One catches a glimpse of the legend at work shaping life in one characteristic passage:

> The year Deaf Fegles died with snakes in his boots was the year Ira Humason started coming home with them in his; and the year Warnick Martin chopped a tree down on himself and left fifteen kids was the year Ross Morningstar's wife started having another youngster every time he shook a pair of overalls at her. The year Anse Tucker got dragged to death by a wild horse was the year the Indian kid at the station started learning to break horses, and that seemed to have been the regular order of development for the people around there, take them straight through. Some of them never developed any definite character at all. None of them did until somebody died and left one vacant.

And so the plot is started, because Clay's employer feels it incumbent on him to take up the role of Roman father, left vacant by the death of a man who shot his son who was being tortured by Indians—to prevent him from telling where his father was hid.

Clay himself can scarcely hold his own in interest against all this brawling world. It is there that the book falls short, in the comparison with "Huckleberry Finn" which is so obvious that a reviewer struggles not to use it, and so inevitable that he uses it after all. One is always conscious of Huck himself, one is concerned with the independent moral judgment he makes about Nigger Jim, and one always remembers him; but Clay, although it is true that in his wanderings he becomes Luce's lover, learns what he thinks of murder and lynching at close quarters, grows up, in fact, yet remains a shadowy figure, who will be less vividly remembered than a score of the characters who live for half a page. But there is of them, as was said of Chaucer, "God's plenty." To the usual prefatory note designed to keep clear of the laws of libel, the author adds that he had hoped to include a representative of every calling in the State of Oregon, but gave up the idea for want of time, and consideration for the reader. One does not doubt that he could have done it—and one feels that his consideration was exaggerated.

He adds also that there is no intention of offering social criticism. Any overt criticism must have made this a sad book, instead of an uproarious one, for the pioneers are (when one comes to think of it) uncompromisingly presented as a set of stupid rowdies whose vocations were, in one way or another, to get rich quick by spoiling the country or each other, and their avocations wenching and murder. Mr. Davis knows this well enough, but in the strict sense of the words, he "makes fun" of it. When he has to describe some particularly blind killing of a golden goose, he does so with that kind of humor which, even more than the English understatement, is apt to be unrecognized by foreigners, that slow, unsmiling, mournful-voiced humor of the Virginian, that humor which seems to have come from our backwoods or our ranches. That is the spirit of this book, and for that, above all the other reasons, it deserves all the praise it is certain to receive as "authentic Americana."



THE OREGON TRAIL IN SOUTH PASS, 1852
From a painting copyright by the Oregon Trail Association

An Exchange of Roles

STRANGE JOURNEY. By Maud Cairnes. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by DOROTHEA PERKINS

THIS saucy modern fairytale gives many a sly poke at the social foibles of the English gentry. In it Polly Wilkinson, a little London housewife, relates how she was whisked out of her skin into the shoes and actual body of Lady Elizabeth of Heringdon Place. This remarkable transmogrification took place when she was thoughtlessly longing for a bit of luxury and though it lasted for only a short time, it recurred again and again. The resulting situations are both whimsical and ludicrous. Everything turns out very satisfactory, however, and the book ends in a jumble of sentimentality and escape psychology with a pretense at psychical theory thrown in for good measure.

Polly and the author share a glib pen between them. The machinations of the story are amusing without being uproariously funny; the conversations are clever without being particularly witty. Merry sport is made of the manners and morals of gentlefolk but no harm is done and one feels that the author, who in real life is Lady Curzon-Herrick, doesn't really want to soil any fine pink coats.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN.....Associate Editor
GEORGE STEVENS....Managing Editor
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } Contributing Editors
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY }

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1935, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Fiction Searches the Map

AS the continents on the great revolving globe which preludes a news reel, flash one after the other into the light, so do our states in fiction. The endless chase for a new background, new character types, follows a curve which no geometer could name, in and out, around and back, up and down, and apparently without reason.

It is, of course, not without reason, or reasons. The children of Missouri may become vocal on maturity when the children of Massachusetts are silent. South Carolina comes into the novel because there is a sudden reflux of psychological or moral interest in the Negro. The pioneers become romantic and it is the day of Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin. Or the climate of the Southwest attracts authors and authors soon celebrate the Southwest. These attributed reasons are but scattering shots. It is the fact itself which is important.

This year it is Maine. Why one does not know, for Maine has had many booms in fiction and nothing new has happened there to make her tempting to talent. Two years ago it was Mississippi, and the cracker South in general, but that was explicable by the post-War interest in pathological character, and the effects of a crushing environment. Canada came to its own among American readers as much by the Jalna books as by Prohibition whiskey. In 1900 it was Maryland. In 1890 Louisiana and Tennessee. In 1880 Massachusetts, in 1860 Kentucky, in 1840 Massachusetts, in 1820 New York.

What puzzles a historian is the blank, or faintly colored, spaces on the map. Oregon has been short on fiction (unless you count Westerns) but a good Oregon novel is just appearing. Arkansas used to be a favorite theme, but now, except for the struggles of the share-croppers, is quite silent. Kentucky has not held her own. Delaware, a little state with a romantic history, is almost unsung. Vermont is overwritten, New Hampshire underwritten. California suffers from overproduction, whereas the intriguing isthmus of aridity that stretches so many hundreds of miles south of Hollywood, has been curiously overlooked by seekers for romantic background. The same may be said of the islands off Hatteras, and of the sea islands of South Carolina, which have not yet given up their spoils to the historical romancer, and of the river Susquehanna which flows with unwritten sagas. Commuters' Connecticut and Intellectuals' Connecticut is squeezed dry, but "The Last Adam" is one of the few really good novels to be drawn from the small-town life outside the New York orbit. A hundred college towns await really good novels about them, but they are not states, but rather an academic state within the Federal Union.

Kansas has bled with novels, but, except for Willa Cather, what of Nebraska? Can no one make the real Alaskan background, the most exciting scenery in the world, a backdrop for good fiction? And Pennsylvania, there she stands, the fabric for many an earlier tale, and the background of James Boyd's "Roll River," but in general, especially Philadelphia, solid, unspeculative, somnolent so far as creative writing from and about her is concerned.

We are a little weary of Navajos and Mesas, of Maine islands and Greenwich Village, of Vermont farmers and Georgia defectives, of Gullah negroes and gangsters in Chicago, of New York or Boston young-men-in-publishing and sophisticated natives from California, of Detroit strikers and young communists of Fourteenth Street. Where will the next shift take us? Just to hazard a prophecy based on the blank spaces, we guess, for locality, Seattle, Cairo (Ill.), Baltimore, Philadelphia, or San Diego. For characters, radically minded farmers or old Americans become suddenly poor and surprisingly vigorous. For plot, the struggle to recapture America for the Americans. For thesis (if any) that we lost the Civil War, lost the Great War, and propose to pick our enemies next time more carefully.

Of course, states mean very little now in our polity, but regions are increasingly important. Inter-regional literature is as necessary as interstate commerce, and needs a better understanding and better organization just as badly. The subtlety once expended upon the Boston scene and New York society might well be devoted now to the curious tensions which underlie the standard exteriors of our American regions, and by the still more important tensions in the new spiritual regions which overlap and interpenetrate within every state. We have not had too much climactic and scenic background in our fiction for of that there can never be too much if it is well done. It is the spotlight which makes the dark stage jump into the appearance of reality. But we have much too much mere description—documented description, photographic description, description for the sake of news, autobiographic description, pathological description, cynical sexual description,—too much that is just description, because the authors could get away with that if it were fresh, and would not or could not do more. Surely we are missing the great themes in American life today or bungling them or underplaying them or skimming round their corners at sixty miles an hour.

May the next state, the next region, to rise above the waters of indifference show more than local color, and a publisher's billboard which says, "A Great Book about Delmarvia."

Open Air Reading The opening of a library service in Bryant Park, in the shadow of the New York Public Library, though not as the newspapers stated the first attempt of the sort, is sufficiently novel to command attention. Boston, where it was tried out two years ago, found the demand for books and magazines large and constant, and the experiment seemed eminently to have justified itself. It will be interesting to see what New York will achieve not only in the way of enlivening the enforced leisure of victims of the depression but in starting on the road to reading those to whom the technique of drawing books from the public depositories presents the perplexity of something unfamiliar. There is nothing that so much encourages the habit of reading as ease in procuring reading matter. Many an idler who would not walk a block to find a book with which to while away an empty day will spend delighted hours over one if it comes his way. And having once discovered the pleasures of reading, it is at least likely that he will continue to draw books so long as he can easily come by them, until finally he finds he cannot do without them no matter what the trouble to procure them.

Ten Years Ago

In the corresponding issue of 1925, *The Saturday Review* recommended "Two Plays" by Sean O'Casey. The book, containing "Juno and the Paycock" and "The Shadow of a Gunman," was reviewed by Joseph Campbell who wrote: *To be able to evoke sentient, breathing creatures — men and women with the impress of life upon them . . . is the touchstone of all the great literary artists from Shakespeare to Chekov . . . I hope New Yorkers will soon have an opportunity of seeing Mr. O'Casey's work on the stage."*

Only last season, Mr. O'Casey's "Within the Gates" enjoyed a successful run in New York. The play was later banned in Boston.

Today

The Saturday Review recommends:

HONEY IN THE HORN. By H. L. Davis, a tale of pioneer Oregon.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *Some Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

Heavenly Hash

SIR:—Have you ever read Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi?" If not, you have missed a book as full of delights as that celestial concoction called Heavenly Hash. The book *is* hash—but what swell hash it is! The chef put in everything, including many ingredients and spices not called for in the recipe implied by the title—but these only improve the flavor.

It is curious to note throughout the book the author's animus against Sir Walter Scott, who, he claims, is the cause of the "Middle Age sham civilization which was the great weakness of the South." This is a point he brings in again and again, even devoting a whole chapter to it (XLVI), wherein he makes such dogmatic assertions as, for example: "He did measureless harm, more real and lasting harm, perhaps, than any other individual that ever wrote:" And this: "Sir Walter had so large a hand in making Southern character, as it existed before the [Civil] war, that he is in great measure responsible for the war." And summing up the chapter, he says: "A curious exemplification of the power of a single book for good or harm is shown in the effects wrought by 'Don Quixote' and 'Ivanhoe.' The first swept the world's admiration for the medieval chivalry silliness out of existence; and the other restored it. As far as our South is concerned, the work done by Cervantes is pretty nearly a dead letter, so effectually has Scott's pernicious work undermined it."

This was written over fifty years ago. Do historians support such a theory? I never happened to hear of it before.

In connection with recent reports in the Bowling Green of unexpectedly early usage of slang expressions which are usually supposed to be of recent origin, I found a couple in "Life on the Mississippi" which surprised me, though I have no proof that this is their début. In Chapter XXIII, the author "bought some cheap literature to kill time with. The vendor . . . was a good deal of a character, and much better company than the sappy literature he was selling." Again, in Chapter XXXVIII (the funniest chapter in the book, by the way), the same word is used again in describing a pile of books in the typical Southern mansion: " 'Friendship's Offering,' and 'Affection's Wreath,' with their sappy inanities illustrated in die-away mezzotints." At the moment of writing, I have no access to a dictionary, but I always supposed this use of "sappy" was slang. Is it perhaps a legitimate use, and was it such at that time?

The other expression is in Chap. XLIII, where we find an undertaker boasting that the source of his prosperity is the fact that any coffin-buyer will allow himself to be outrageously overcharged. " 'Pile it on and sock it to him—he won't even holler.' "

In the last paragraph of the book you will find this, which ought to please you:

". . . that astonishing Chicago—a city where they are always rubbing the lamp, and fetching up the genii, and contriving and achieving new impossibilities. It is hopeless for the occasional visitor to try to keep up with Chicago—she outgrows his prophecies faster than he can make them. She is always a novelty, for she is never the Chicago you saw when you passed through the last time."

R. F. MCGRAW.

Sierra Madre, Calif.

"I'M HAVING YOU MURDERED IN MY NEW MYSTERY, MRS. WALCOTT!"

The Human Side of E.B.B.

SIR:—Elizabeth Barrett Browning has been much to the fore of late in Mr. Besier's play, in the discussion concerning the forged edition of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and in the announcements concerning the newly released letters sold at the Anderson Galleries for forty thousand dollars. Now that those letters are appearing in *The Woman's Home Companion* with commentary by William Rose Benét, it is refreshing to find that Professor Martha Hale Shackford of Wellesley College has written a clever brochure in which she pays a tribute to one side of E.B.B.'s character and literary work which has been too little emphasized. The pamphlet, issued by the Wellesley Press, is titled: "E. B. Browning: R. H. Horne—Two Studies," and this excerpt indicates its trend:

> Mrs. Browning's humor has been too much ignored in the solemn efforts to appreciate her sensibility and her spirituelle exaltation. She has been sentimentalized as a spectacle on her invalid's couch; her dog, her husband, her son, have been made melodramatic properties, and she has been robbed of her real personality and vigor. Few letters of the nineteenth century are comparable with hers in lambent, flashing appreciation of little incongruities, such shrewd and piercing thrusts at weakness, or hypocrisy, or mistaken opinion. Her letters to Robert Browning are delightfully full of little flippancies and tart, well directed shafts at books or persons deserving a bit of ridicule. And many of the more personal passages have playful, teasing elements, passages which show how a poetess in love may be whimsical, tender, irreverent, and bewildering to her more ceremonious and intensely serious lover.
>
> Almost every page of "Aurora Leigh" gleams with some humorously turned comment, some piquant phrase, some pointed satire, charmingly urbane. The smugness of the Victorian, or, as she dubbed it, "the Pewter Age," is exposed, and illusions of various sorts are mercilessly pilloried in a neat style. Detached samples of her humor will serve no purpose, for it is always the context which sets off the flash.

Nor was it merely after the bird had flown from the solemn cage of "50 Wimpole Street" that this best gift of All-the-gods-there-be held sway. From her girlhood on her sense of humor surged triumphant over obstacles and in her darkest hours. When the Death Angel had her in his arms, she exclaimed gaily to her anxious husband: "You *are* making an exaggerated case of it!" Elizabeth Barrett Browning was a poet, but beyond and above that, she was a great personage!

HARRIET GAYLORD.

Yonkers, N. Y.

Davis on Breasted on Durant

SIR:—I was appalled by Breasted on Durant. I thought it was the foundation stone of American criticism that a Great Book should never be received by anybody who knew enough about the subject to find flaws in its greatness. This is not the first time the *S. R.* has erred in this respect, and I am afraid that some day it may cost you dear.

ELMER DAVIS.

Mason's Island, Conn.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Human Folly

THE BEACHCOMBER. By William McFee. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1935. $2.50.

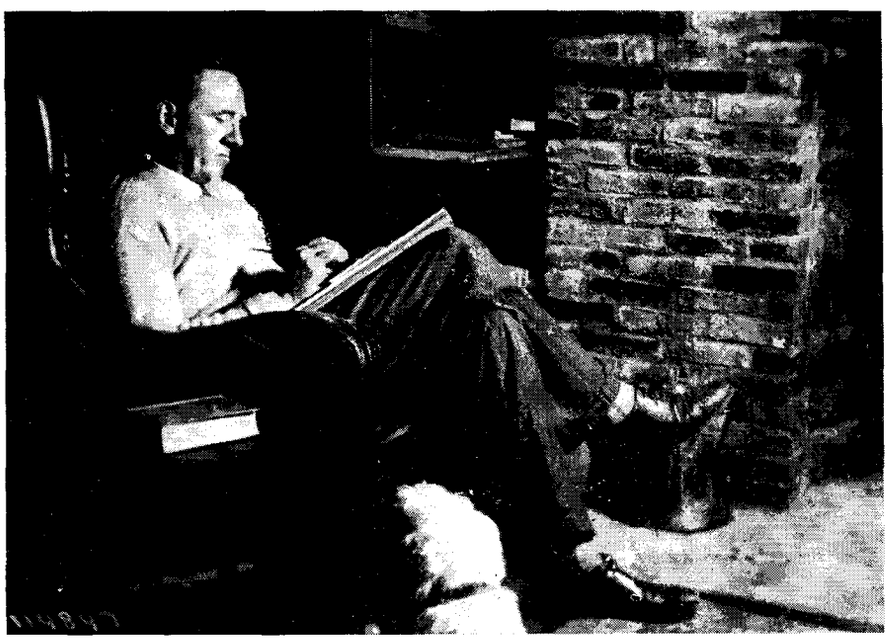
Reviewed by WILLIAM DOERFLINGER

TWO complementary currents have been visible in English fiction dealing with the sea, ever since Anglo-Saxon bards with the salt in their blood wrought "Beowulf" and "The Wanderer." Incidentally, the epic theme, has held the center of the marine stage; yet in the finer works of our seamen-authors a deepening subjectivity and sense of man's stormy passage as a soul have steadily gathered force amid the adventures of the deep.

Mr. McFee's new novel is a book of this calibre. Character, rather than incident, has been his major interest in all his writings. Readers of "Captain Macedoine's Daughter" and "The Harbourmaster" will recall with respect and affection Chief Engineer Spenlove, analyst and raconteur who scans the reactions of humanity with the same thoughtful judgment he lavishes upon his boilers and combustion chambers. Largely in Spenlove's words, Mr. McFee tells in "The Beachcomber" the strange story of Athalie Rhys, one of the most unusual women characters in contemporary fiction, and of young Captain Nevile, who had lost his command after a certain Mediterranean cruise during which he learned the impossibility of obeying the jealous calls of two young sirens at the same time. Contemplating the stranded career of Captain Nevile whom he had known first as a handsome young apprentice with the virgin bloom on his cheeks, Mr. Spenlove ponders sardonically on love, and particularly on predatory love as practised by those seductive hordes who "fling themselves with naked souls upon astonished seafarers"—the modern Circes who "come on board as passengers . . . take double suites, and try to turn us into swine beyond the twelve-mile limit."

Apparently a retiring soul in private life, Mr. Spenlove becomes, when serving his author's exhaustive purposes, the longest-winded chief engineer who ever blew off steam. However, Mr. McFee has made a stride towards realism in incident as well as character by utilizing a new and rather plausible technique in the treacherous art of telling a story within a story. Nevile, the mysterious Athalie, and a lady fiction writer are fellow-passengers on board the *Camotan* as she ploughs southward from New York into the Caribbean. It is the last-mentioned who draws the chief out. Spenlove's memories of his friend's first haunting romance, in Valletta a quarter-century ago, and of a Circean affair with an heiress when they were chief engineer and third mate of her father's yacht, cruising in Aegean waters, are the finest parts of the novel. Settings, characters, and insight combine to make these scenes masterful; and lending purpose to all this is the steady current of fortune, moving from a significant past towards a significant future close at hand.

This current, in which Mr. McFee is not so much interested, is dammed in its flow. With the beginning of the second book, two years later, the novel has missed its stride. Guiding us through a tangle of explanation and coincidence, Mr. Spenlove draws an unforgettable portrait of Athalie Rhys, but this rich new study, unlike the successive episodes of Captain Nevile's younger days, is structurally rather too pretentious for what it adds to the story. Mr. McFee, a master of characterization, drifts into remote backwaters. A missing of purpose is the penalty. Character in fiction, without sustained incident and emotion, is like the Beachcomber—a captain without a command.



WILLIAM McFEE AT HIS HOME IN WESTPORT, CONN.

Strong Men Maddened by Drink

SOPHOMORES ABROAD. By Charles Macomb Flandrau. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by L. CABOT HEARN

MY title for this review is from Mr. Flandrau's "Apologia Pro Scriptis Meis" which introduces in inimitable fashion a work of his that years ago succeeded, in *The Saturday Evening Post*, his historic "The Diary of a Freshman." For Mr. Flandrau speaks of an era when American newspapers so constantly referred to "College Boys' Pranks," that finally one iron-souled undergraduate averred that what they really meant was "Strong Men Maddened by Drink!" Mr. Flandrau also tells us that the resurrection of "Sophomores Abroad" is largely due to "my favorite American author, Edmund Pearson. . . . For some reason or other he had saved the numbers of the *Post* in which it had appeared (I had not saved even the manuscript) and had shown them to the late Rutger Jewett . . . as a sort of droll little American antique."

There is a sense in which "Sophomores Abroad" is a droll antique; but if you ever—as has the present scribe—have enjoyed "The Diary of a Freshman," or "Harvard Episodes" you will fall upon the present volume with shrill, sobbing cries. And it will reward you with its moments. You will feel again the exhilaration of your first trip abroad. You will enjoy many of Berri's animadversions. You should properly—and will, I trust,—delight in the description of the Dinard that used to be. You will also find the little book painless and harmless, because Mr. Lorimer and the *Post* of those days couldn't even stand the mention of a highball, but must perforce, and with averted gaze, change it to a lemonade. (Mr. Flandrau's remarks on the ways of editors in his introduction are, by the way, a balm unto my soul!) Upon the conclusion of "The Diary of a Freshman," in that national periodical, he recalls that someone wrote him that he was "as fragrant as a sprig of old lavender"; and, of course, the Flandrau of today finds nothing recognizable in the Flandrau who was the author of the present book. Nevertheless, it should immediately go up on the Flandrau shelf of your library. . . .

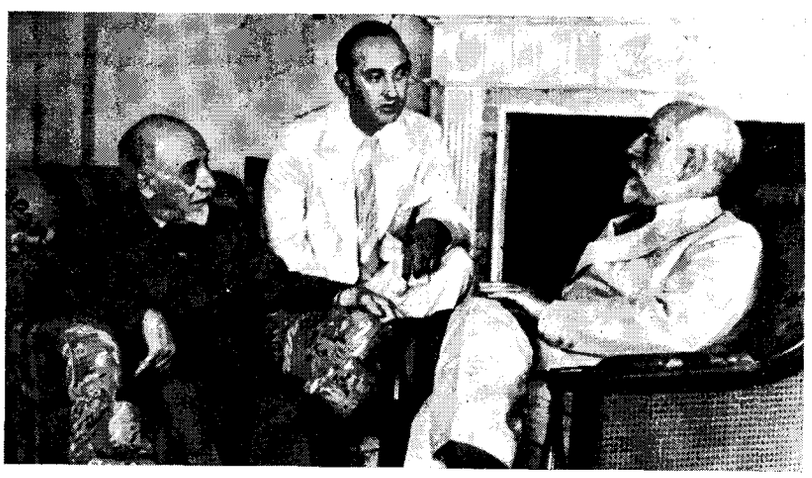
Of course, if you mean to tell me that you haven't got a Flandrau shelf in your library; if you are shameless enough to admit that you never read "The Diary of a Freshman," "Loquacities," or "Viva Mexico," I'm sure I don't know what to do about it, except to caution you to acquire these books in the shortest possible time. Make your acquaintance with Granny and Berri, if you have not done so before.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

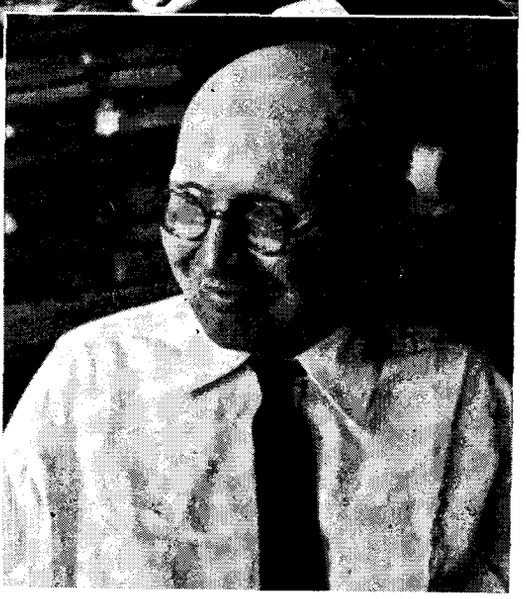
A Photographer in Search of Six Authors

Saturday Review News Pictures of the Month by Robert Disraeli

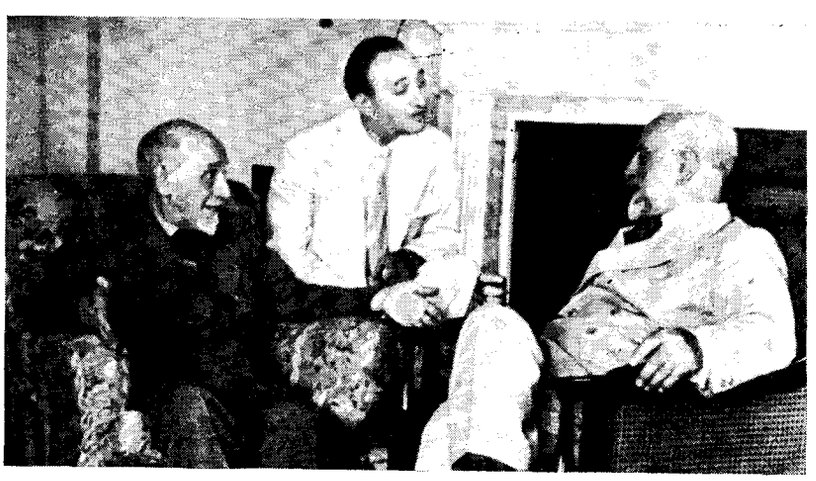
(Above) Helen Waddell, British novelist and poet, on a recent New York visit. (Above, right) Blair Niles, whose next book will be on sixteenth century Peru, at tea with Mary Pickford. Miss Pickford ("Why Not Try God?") now tries fiction. Her first novel, "The Demi-Widow," has just been published.



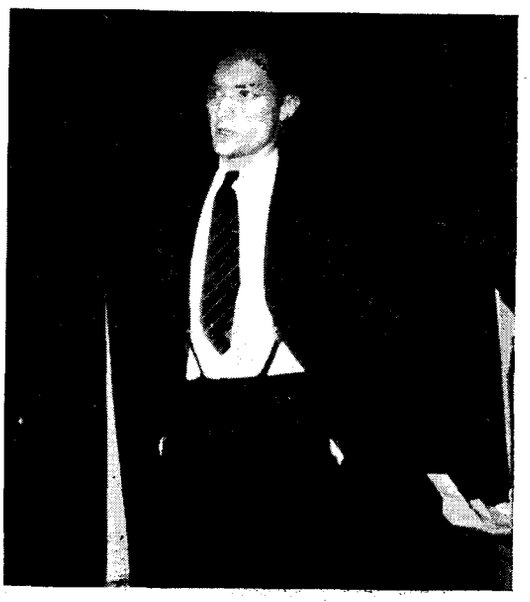
Nobel Prize Winner Luigi Pirandello (above, left) and his secretary, Saul Colin, listen while John Macrae, president of Dutton, poses a question.



(Above) Clarence Day, Jr., (See page 18) sits for his first photograph in years. (Below) Varian Fry of The Living Age *reports on Nazi culture.*



The answer is obvious to Signor Pirandello. Although he has since left for Hollywood, he still thinks the stage offers better opportunities than the screen.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Diary for Daughters

THE Young Man and the Old Man were left to keep house while the Family went away for a brief holiday. The Old Man promised a faithful report on the good-will, stock, and fixtures. This is it.

The Knothole, August 15

Everything under control. I'll take the simpler elements first. The Y. M. went off to work at 7.45, on the hoof. He knew it would be futile to try to to rouse the O. M. to drive him to the train. However the O. M. was up and around not much later. This was Thursday, the maid's day off, and the O. M., in sole command, fortified himself for responsibility. By which I mean he had an egg to his breakfast, and made sure there was hootch in the cupboard against any buckling of spirits.

First, the turtle. I can't call him Oswald, as your instructions suggest: it seems taking a liberty (he is very reserved) and I don't feel Oswaldish about him. I think of him, if at all, as Oggie, for Ogden Nash, who wrote gaily about turtles. You said there must be enough water in the tank so he can approach his food from below, yet not so much as to fatigue him with constant swimming. I measured with the sewing tape; mean depth 2¾ inches. It seems to be all right, for he's snapping busily at floating ant-eggs. What happens if he eats them all: do I have to plunder the big anthill in the garden?

Confidential: I forgot to put away the jam last night and the ants got into the kitchen cupboard. Don't tell anyone: but how about letting Oggie have the run of the grocery shelf? I don't like to keep mashing the ants and leaving them there —or does he only eat ants in egg form? Let me know about this.

Now the white mouse. She's wonderful, no trouble at all. I brought her cage outdoors into the fresh air. It seemed to me that she was a bit moody: too much publicity, I think: the cream bottle you put for her to sleep in doesn't give her much privacy, and it's rather hard and slippery. I know myself that if the room gets light I wake up terribly early. I thought at first she was a little bloodshot, but I guess her eyes are always red? (Let me know.) I found some green crepe paper in the garage, wrapped around an old flower-pot. Just the thing. I crumpled it up into a nice complicated mass and put it in the cage. She was delighted: she's been spending the whole day rummaging around inside it.

Let me answer your next question before you ask it. I went to the post office and there wasn't any mail for you.

The Baby—I almost forgot the Baby! She's fine. She played around the floor while I was having breakfast, and I shut her up in her pen this morning while I was working. She doesn't like a pen any better than I do my own kind, and she cried a little, but I gave her a ball to play with. At eleven o'clock she had lunch, per your schedule, and I put her to bed for her nap.

I intended then to look up William Watson's poems about Wordsworth and Tennyson; Watson was a very fine English poet who died the other day. As I

MITTENS

get homesick for little Helen playing the piano (especially *The Isle of Capri* and *I'll Never Say Never Again, Again*) I was thinking of Watson's pretty verses about the keyboard.

Five-and-thirty black slaves,
Half-a-hundred white,
All their duty but to sing
For their Queen's delight—
Now with throats of thunder,
Now with dulcet lips,
While she rules them royally
With her finger-tips!

When she quits her palace,
All the slaves are dumb—
Dumb with dolor till the Queen
Back to Court is come. . . .

but about that time Smudge, the terrier, came back very wet and muddy from the neighbor's goldfish pool. It's extraordinary, Paddy Cassidy (who gets Smudge into those wild games) always looks clean and demure while Smudge gets so trampish. As Blythe truly said, dogs usually take after their owners and Mr. C. looks neater than I do.

One of the grand things about living in the country, always so much to do around the place there's really no need for any thinking; so instead of going back to William Watson I hunted out my old gloves, dug up some fine big poison ivy roots and planted them carefully alongside the chimney of my cabin. The ivy was astonished: the first time in all these years that it has been treated with such kindness. But it will grow faster than anything else I know, to take the newness off the chimney. Just as I was watering and fertilizing the roots, arrived a load of gravel for the roadway; the driver was surprised to see poison ivy so pampered.

I reopened William Watson. This is fine, isn't it—he was writing about Poetry in an age of witty triviality:—

Thenceforth she but festooned the porch of things;
Apt at life's lore, incurious what life meant.
Dextrous of hand, she struck her lute's few strings ;
Ignobly perfect, barrenly content. . . .

The porch . . . festooned the porch of things . . . I hadn't put those cushions out to dry (they got wet in the thunderstorm last night). While I was doing so, two little colored boys wanted to sell tickets for something—I didn't bother to find out what. No one sells me tickets without a struggle.

Now I knew it was time for lunch. You don't need a clock for that: promptly at 1 o'clock and 7 o'clock Mittens the cat appears from nowhere and looks expectant at the back steps. If a writer could hide himself, between meals, the way a cat does, what a good writer he might get to be.

No one feels like working immediately after lunch. As you know, there's a very comfortable bunk in the Knothole. The question is, what is the absolutely perfect reading to go to sleep on? I vote for Santayana. The woods drowse and rustle in the warm summer siesta; and Señor Don Santayana's comfortable prose (never dull, never ornate; always melodious, lucid, inconspicuously urbane) gently abolishes the mind. You lay down the page to think it over . . . as gently as the tide rising at Lloyds Neck something mists, softens, blurs . . . while you are trying to think of the right word . . . annihilates? . . . obliterates? . . .

It's almost 3 o'clock. According to instructions, time for Smudge's lunch. (Smudge has been tied up since her frolic with Paddy.) As usual she has wound her chain three times round a tree. It's no use to try to coax her to walk round in reverse and unwind it herself. She lies down on her back with paws upward, feeling that this mysterious shortening of scope is guilt of some sort. You may as

(*Continued on page* 14)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

45th thousand!

by Anne Morrow Lindbergh

NORTH *to the* ORIENT

With endpapers and 19 maps drawn by CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

"Every page is a pure delight . . . It possesses in full measure those qualities essential to a travel narrative of first rank: sincerity, the gift of seeing, and the modesty of genuine achievement. Anne Lindbergh has a sense of drama, and she knows how to tell a story, to tell it with simplicity of style and an exquisite feeling for words . . . Her book stands firmly on its own feet, independent of any interest in other Lindbergh achievements; it would have lost nothing of its charm had the story as she relates it been concerned with a similar flight made by obscure Smiths, Joneses or Browns."
—N. Y. *Herald Tribune Books*

"A peculiarly charming work ... NORTH TO THE ORIENT has an interest quite apart from any that is bestowed upon it by the celebrity of its authorship . . . an interest that derives not only from the unique experience it recounts but from the perceptiveness and grace of its author."
—*Amy Loveman, Saturday Review.*

"It has a rare and delicate intimacy and a winning charm, and it reveals Mrs. Lindbergh as far more than a wife and a daughter. The girl can write."
—*Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

"From the first page of this chronicle, it is apparent that Anne Lindbergh is a personality in her own right ... Her story has a personal flavor and charm that set it apart from most chronicles by aviators, explorers, etc."
—*John Chamberlain, N. Y. Times*

"Anne Morrow Lindbergh is a writer of real ability and charm . . . The entire book is informal, gentle, yet revealing the author's keen sense of observation."
—*Charles Hanson Towne, N. Y. American*

At all bookstores, $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well pick her up and totter thrice round the tree yourself, like a witch in Macbeth. The Baby, upstairs, hears the rattle of the chain and begins to make appeal. Smudge gets her lunch, strictly according to the formula you posted over the kitchen sink. Then she goes to examine the new gravel-pile in the backyard. This is evidently (she thinks) an ingenious playground specially arranged for her. Paddy Cassidy thinks so too. The word has gone round: Yay, dogs! Smudge has a gravel-pile over at her house! They begin digging, snouting, barking. Chow Snyder trots over, in his dignified way, to have a look. I tie Smudge up again, order Chow and Paddy home, put the Baby in the pen with a toy to keep her quiet, have another look at the white mouse (such a comfort she is, the most unexacting of pets) and return to the Knothole to work.

William Watson was at his best, perhaps, in those lovely verse epigrams. I wish I could exactly remember that one that goes something like this—

Momentous to himself as I to me
Is every man that ever woman bore:
Once, in a flash, this truth appeared to me—
And then no more.

I know that isn't exact; I think I have it in a book up at the house; but if I go across the garden the Baby will see me and it may rouse her to a holler. But here's one of Watson's delightful things, his little poem about the queer feeling we sometimes have, World-Strangeness, the sensation that this marvellous earth is too mysterious for us ever to get really used to it—worldbroken, we might say:—

In this house with starry dome,
Floored with gemlike plains and seas,
Shall I never feel at home,
Never wholly be at ease. . . .

The Baby's crying! I've taken her out of the pen, and brought her down here to the Knothole. I've carried out a jug of iced tea from the house, for me, and a couple of biscuits for her. She's never been in the Knothole before; she won't settle down until she has explored it thoroughly. . . . I wonder how she got that gob of chewing gum on her coat? Not my fault, I swear it. . . . I'm drinking the tea very carefully, trying not to jangle the ice to arouse her curiosity. . . . She's climbing into the bunk, she's lying on her stomach with her legs flattened out behind like a frog (you know how comic she looks). . . . I think maybe she'll take a nap. I turn carefully and catch her bright dark gaze. That was a mistake; she perks up at once and looks ready for comedy of some sort. I'll pretend I was looking at something else. I'm reading Watson, *Wordsworth's Grave*:—

Afar though nation be on nation hurled,
And life with toil and ancient pain depressed,
Here one may scarce believe the whole wide world
Is not at peace, and all man's heart at rest. . . .

(*Continued on opposite page*)

BORZOI

LIFE WIT

By CLAR

A Review by I

in the Book-of-the

AVERY small book by Clarence Day, called *God and My Father**, which appeared with a minimum of publicity a few years ago, aroused the most extravagant enthusiasm among the few readers who happened to see it. In the form of boyhood memories of his father's attitude towards the Episcopal Church, the author had made a masterly analysis of the religion of natural man, and incidentally had revealed some fresh truths about the real relations between men and their wives. The study was notable for the keenness of its penetration, for the style, apparently merely informal and conversational, really of classic simplicity and finish, but especially because with all its depths of understanding, it was infinitely witty, one of the funniest books ever written, a book over which readers laughed to tears. The same author has now completed the portrait of his father in this longer book, called *Life With Father***. The two together make a picture of an American family of fifty years ago, admirable beyond compare.

Yet "admirable" is not the right word. Enchanting, delicious, riotously comic, profoundly human, wise, above all, true, accurately, incredibly true. Any one of those words would fit it better than "admirable," for there is in it not a trace of the seriously conscientious quality implied in "admirable." None of the Day family would have tolerated a connection with anything so priggish as to be conscientious; not Father, so light on his feet for all his powerful frame; not Mother, dear, exasperating, illogical, ignorant, adorable Mother; nor any of the boys, heirs to the triumphant life-loving vitality of their parents. That's the word. Vitality! The book is alive. Its characters breathe, move, quarrel, love, insist on having their own way, all with a convincing, unexaggerated but amazing reality. In fact, Father is so real that you can feel him energetically breathing up all the oxygen in the room away from you. After such a séance with him, as in the chapter, "Father Opens My Mail," you are moved to get up hastily, open a window and lean out to draw a long breath.

This comment on the book hasn't yet, I see, made any statement as to what it is. Well, what *is* it? Not a novel certainly. Perhaps the very best part of a fine novel, the usual soft and weak spots left out along with the plot. It is of course, an interpretation of human life. But on first reading it seems to be a series of short chapters, containing scattered memories of Clarence Day about the life he had as a boy in the eighties. You slip quietly enough into these memories with a recital of what happened to the little boy one day when he spent the morning at his father's office at 38 Wall Street, in a neat narrow five-story building: had lunch with him at Delmonico's, then looking like a friendly country hotel, on Beaver Street; and as a treat was taken to Staten Island to see Buffalo Bill. There is, in this straightforward introduction of the two principal characters, little hint of the rich fun to come later; but sober as it is, it contains the first of the many masterstrokes in the portrait of Father. After the Wild West show, the little boy naturally told his father that he wanted to be a cowboy. "Father chuckled and said no I didn't. He said I might as well be a tramp." Note the easy exactitude of aim which hits the bull's eye of characterization. The masterful father did not argue with the little boy, nor bluster, nor moralize, and least of all did he tolerantly indulge a child in a fanciful notion. He genially laid down as unquestionable the law that he, the father, not only knew better than the son what would be good for him, but that he and not the son knew what the son wanted. All of Father is there. No, not all, not by any means all. There is much more in that marvelous portrait. But the first strong sure stroke of the brush has been made.

You turn over the page to the chapter "Father on Horseback" and begin that clamor for some one to come and listen while you read aloud choice bits which will steadily accompany your perusal of this book. After a vignette of Father's Club, you read, "His first horse was a powerful bay by the name of Rob Roy. This horse didn't like Father and Father had still less affection for him. This was supposed to be of no importance. Father bought him because he was spirited and sound, and able to stand work: handsome, too. He paid three hundred dollars for him and expected him to do what he was told." Here, you feel, really *is* Father, and the world he lived in, America of his period, with its standards and ideals and limitations, compressed into a wise and witty statement, as light, as deft, as little underlined as if Voltaire had written it. You go on, "Rob Roy never looked

**God and My Father*, $1.35 at all bookshops

ALFRED·A·KNOPF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

H FATHER

ENCE DAY

Dorothy Canfield

-Month Club News

upon the transaction in this way, however. He had an independent and self-absorbed nature: he was always thinking of his own point of view. Even if he had been devoted to Father, which he never was, this would have made trouble." Your laughter rises through the description of Father's riding of Rob Roy, you greet the rapier thrust of the last paragraph with a shout, and start in purposeful pursuit of a listener.

For this is a book which you will not only enjoy reading aloud, but which you can't help reading aloud. And once you begin, your listeners will not let you stop. The next chapter, describing Mother's colds in the head and Father's reactions to them, and some of Father's own rare ailments, is full of the concentrated essence of human nature. Its high spot is perhaps the anecdote of the time in Father's old age when he was at last convinced by the doctor that he was dangerously ill. Apparently now that he knew he was in trouble, his thoughts had turned to God. "Have mercy!" they heard him shouting indignantly. "I say have mercy, damn it!"

Although the book is called *Life With Father*, Mother stands beside that mighty figure, full length, as tall as he. Not so much space is given to her, but every stroke tells. The chapter called "Father Tries to Make Mother Like Figures" is almost too good to be true. "I gave you six dollars in cash to buy a new coffee pot," says Father grimly, looking over the bills, "and now I find you got one at Lewis and Conger's and charged it. Here's their bill, 'one brown earthen-ware drip coffee pot, five dollars.' "

"So I saved you a dollar," Mother triumphantly said, "and you can hand it right over to me, now." Be it said in passing that before that interview was over, Mother, determined not to submit to injustice, had received her dollar.

It is perhaps when laughing over Mother, that you first realize that this is an extraordinarily deep book, as true as it is funny, and that you are being treated not only to that rarest of delights, a book so witty as to make you laugh aloud as you read, but also to a wise and sound interpretation of human life. More than that, you find yourself profiting by the most significant and accurate picture of past manners and customs. The description of what happened when Father thought his eldest son should learn to play the violin not only makes you hold your aching sides, but also tells you why nineteenth century America was so barbarically blank as to symphony orchestras. "Father's Old Trousers" is not only a well-spring of chuckles, but of meditations on the enduring influence of personality. The position of Mother in the family tells you more about Victorian women than all the analyses of psychological historians. The so-called "feminine" silliness, ignorance and hen-headedness, what were they but the only possible and the quite perfect escape from heavy masculine domination? To watch Father, before whom all the world bowed its head, vainly trying to boss Mother not only makes you laugh all over, but reminds you comfortingly of the marvelous capacity of human beings mockingly to evade tyrannies and go on being themselves and enjoying life.

That is perhaps the deepest and most lasting impression made on you by this treasure-book of high comedy—the enjoyability of living. A strange book to be published in 1935. The father is tyrannical, selfish, materialistic, as much of a despot as he can manage to be; the mother is brainless and flighty. The son looking back to his childhood paints its background with inexorable truthfulness. But he sees all around his subject, as solemnly pessimistic modern authors do not,—sees that this domestic tyrant is much more than that, that he is a devoted and—in any matter about which his wife really cares—a docile husband; that he gives to his children that irreplaceable security, that certainty of being safe under the care of an indomitable and faithful protector, which only a father can give, and without which there is no normal development in childhood. The son now elderly, sees that his spirited and illogical mother gave her sons a golden abundance of love, and set them the greatest of all examples, the spectacle of joy of living. He sees that, in comparison to the fundamental essentials provided for their children by his parents, their faults and flaws are but superficial oddities. He does not set this truth about them down flatly and prosaically, as I have just stated it. It is too deep and great to go into mere words. But its aroma rises from this extraordinarily funny book like a lovely fragrance of health and vitality.

****Life With Father*, $2.00 at all bookshops**

PUBLISHER·N·Y·

She's eating a charred stick she got out of the fireplace. The little bitch, I never heard her slip down off the bunk. I take it away from her. She goes and gets it again. What about it, I think. Perhaps instinct knows better than I. You didn't say anything about charcoal in your instructions. It's supposed to be very good for indigestion, isn't it? Perhaps she feels a colic coming on and is antidoting beforehand? I let her munch a little of it and then hoick her back on the bunk. Lie down! Go to sleep!

Poetry! Marvellous, on a summer afternoon to read the noble verses of that proud, sad, difficult heart; lines that now suddenly seem cut in stone, as no poet's ever can until he is gone forever—and learns the answer to his own question:

Whether 'tis ampler day divinelier lit
Or homeless night without.

Reading his strong lines makes one crave a deeper nobler voice in the music of our own puzzled age—

Where is the singer whose large notes and clear
Can heal, and arm, and plenish, and sustain?

. . . . There he is, indeed; I hear him, and so does the Baby. The Good Humor van goes jingling down the road. She seems to recognize that merry little gong. She was lying so quietly too, with one soft ear crumpled under her. Perhaps I oughtn't to let her sleep like that, it'll give her a cauliflower? But I mustn't expect too much of her. After all, she's only a cocker spaniel, 4 months old.

She's been asleep for an hour! But I think I hear Mittens yowling. I'll bet Smudge has got off the chain and drunk Mittens's milk. (The snap on the chain doesn't catch properly.) I better go and see.

The instant I leave, the Baby springs up from perfect sleep. She thinks she is deserted for ever. Anguish! She's standing wildly against the screen-door, paws high to beseech. She looks like Helen Jacobs serving tennis.

Smudge has been in the goldfish pool again.

I'm going to give Mittens the can of kippered herring I've been saving for my Sunday breakfast. Will that be all right?

I really *will* be careful with the strawberry jam. But if you see any anteaters in Quebec, better bring them back with you.

Goodbye, darlings: I must drive down to the station to meet Y. M.

THE OLD MAN, P. D. Q.

P.S. P. D. Q. means *Père de Quatre.*

Another P.S.—Do you remember this of Watson's, about a dog:—

His friends he loved. His fellest earthly foes—
Cats—I believe he did but feign to hate.
My hand will miss the insinuated nose,
Mine eyes the tail that wagged contempt at Fate.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oliver Chooses to be a Boy

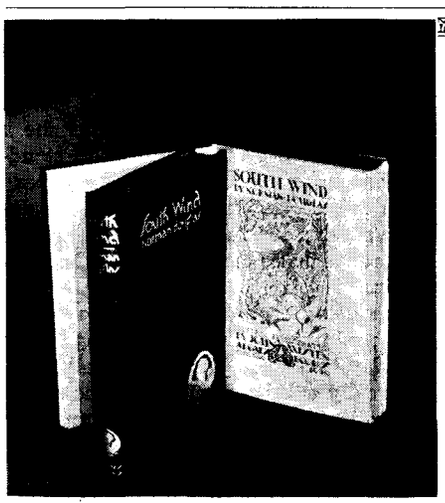
(*Continued from page 4*)

fools fooling, maids sweeping and singing, young men carousing, and monks begging. She froze at the touch of difference. Superior power and distinction were insufferable: if she could not imitate them she denied them. And the least degree of coarseness or simplicity beneath her own offended her also. Her moral ideal was democracy, but a democracy of the elect. There could be no oppression in imposing uniformity on people who were really all alike; and such a society exacted from its members only what, if they were honorable, they would exact from themselves. She couldn't conceive life except in a clan, where all the peers should have equal rights and similar virtues. Beyond the pale there could be nothing but outer darkness — an alien, heathen, unintelligible world, to be kept as remote as possible. If they *couldn't* grow tea at home, she supposed they *must* get it from China or Ceylon. And she supposed that if occasionally that dreadful outer world became troublesome, it would be necessary to make war on it and teach it a lesson: but by far the best thing was to ignore it altogether. It ought never to have existed.

Luckily in America the immigrant working classes lived apart in their own districts and tenements, like Jews in a Ghetto. One need have no personal contact with them; and as far as she was concerned—for she wasn't meddlesome—they were welcome to keep up their own ways and religion among themselves, and even their language, if they could preserve it: but as servants in her house they were a dreadful intrusion. This Fräulein was not a servant, but a clergyman's daughter who might have been Mrs. Alden's sister-in-law, but for a lucky accident: lucky, because a *foreign* sister-in-law would have been rather a trial. As a dependent, however, Irma would do nicely, loved the kitchen, which Mrs. Alden abhorred and never visited; loved the pantry and the closets and the trunk-room and the attics; knew very soon where everything was, and how to distribute the clean linen, count and lock up the silver and the good china, and generally so order the business of housekeeping that servants hardly seemed to exist, and when seen looked actually friendly and happy. It was a vast relief to the mistress of the house, a revelation of what comfort meant; her reward for thinking so unselfishly only of what would be best for Oliver, and having consented to admit a strange woman into the home; but providentially this strange woman relieved Mrs. Alden of petty cares, and left her free to devote herself to higher public duties.

Besides, after Oliver had been put to bed, Fräulein could come down again and, sitting on a low stool between the lamp and the fire, could read to her for half an hour—such a rest for the eyes: or could even slip into her room and brush her hair very gently and very assiduously —which was not only pleasant (Mrs. Alden wouldn't have cared much for *that*) but excellent for the scalp, where the hair was getting rather thin, and to keep away her neuralgia. It was most important to preserve her health for the sake of her work. One husband and one child were not enough to fill her life; and she had decided to have no more children. Of course, as a rule, and especially for people of good old American stock, she believed in large families: but in this special case she was sure it wouldn't be scientifically safe. Oliver himself seemed the child of an old man; she had read of grave dangers in that direction. For her, too, child-bearing would be too great a strain. Any woman might bear children; a person who had a mind should be left free to improve it. It was a blessing that Fräulein could be trusted to interview the cook and keep an eye on the gardener and see that the right rooms were swept and *thoroughly* cleaned on each day of the week: this enabled Mrs. Alden, herself, after breakfast, when her own room had been done, to retire there and rest a little—somehow one didn't feel so strong now-a-days in the morning—with the *Boston Transcript* or *Littell's Living Age* or the *Atlantic Monthly* lying open but unread on her lap—for she thought the illustrated magazines rather vulgar; and as she was sure to *hear* of any new event or idea of importance at the meetings of the Associated Charities and the Art Club and the Browning Society, not to mention Letitia Lamb who brought all the gossip on the other afternoons fresh from the city, she had really no need to do more than look at the headings in the paper, and at the list of deaths, to know everything that was going on. While she improved her mind in this way and by being well-rested kept her interest in everything from flagging, she had the satisfaction of knowing that little Oliver, in the model schoolroom and sun-parlor especially built for him at the other end of the house, was being admirably brought up: better, in fact, than if she had insisted on bringing him up herself. It was simply a fact that young children, however gifted they might turn out to be afterwards, got on better at first with commonplace artless souls like Fräulein, and ran after them as they run after animals, while the ways of serious, highly cultivated people put children off. When Oliver was older he would see the difference and learn to rely always on his mother, as was natural, for guidance and affection. But he wasn't ready to appreciate the deeper qualities yet, and he actually profited more by being with Fräulein. "If my friends heard me say this," thought Mrs. Alden, "they would protest that I am far too modest: but all really superior people *are* modest."

These soliloquies in America, delightful sketches of childhood and maternity, are to be part of the forthcoming novel of the eminent philosopher, poet, and stylist, George Santayana, author of the famous "Soliloquies in England," "Character and Opinion in the United States," and "Skepticism and Animal Faith." Mr. Santayana is one of the most distinguished men of letters now alive, but this is his first novel. It is to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons in the winter under the title "The Last Puritan," and is certain to command the interest of all who love good writing.



Two Beautiful Volumes at a Very Low Price

This de-luxe edition contains 15 full-page illustrations, 5 of which are in full color, and numerous decorations in black and white, by JOHN AUSTEN. The volumes are royal octavo (size 6¾" x 9½"), bound in full blue buckram stamped in gold. Originally offered at $20.00, *the two volumes may now be purchased for only* **$8.75.** . . . Watch next week for a special price on Suetonius's LIVES OF THE TWELVE CAESARS. . . . Did you see last week's offer on the limited edition of KING LEAR?

Coppard, McFee, A. Edward Newton

praise this fine edition of

South Wind

BY NORMAN DOUGLAS

"Your edition of *South Wind* is magnificently built, with text, typography, illustrations, and all details beyond the praise of my inadequate tongue."—A. E. COPPARD (*One of England's notable short story writers*)

"I find myself in somewhat of a quandary when I try to tell people how I regard *South Wind*. It is one of those books, like *The Way of All Flesh, Of Human Bondage, David Copperfield,* and *The Sea and the Jungle,* which become a part of one's life. . . . It is a refreshment of the spirit to find an old friend . . . in a new rig that sets off the familiar lines to new and splendid advantage." — WILLIAM McFEE (*Novelist par excellence of ships and the sea*)

"It is eminently fitting that this great novel should appear in such admirable format. Mr. Austen's drawings are particularly fine. Indeed you are to be congratulated upon the success of the venture."—A. EDWARD NEWTON (*Well-known author of "The Amenities of Book Collecting"*)

These de-luxe volumes and many others, new and rare, as well as catalogues, bulletins, and announcements are to be had from the Argus Book Shop and its publishing subsidiary. Address requests and orders to . . .

ARGUS BOOKS, 333 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By the Favor of Women

"KING LEHR" AND THE GILDED AGE. By Elizabeth Drexel Lehr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

AMERICANS are an extraordinary people. Nothing has been more extraordinary than the story of our great fortunes and of a society built upon wealth. Eventually it will seem unbelievable that there were days when so much money was in the hands of so few individuals and was expended in such preposterous ways. As to why one should particularly wish to be in such a society must pass the comprehension. Much more harmless than the court of Caligula, though for the most part in equally bad taste, the diversions of its inhabitants finally positively stun one with their overpowering dulness, before one has progressed very far through this book. The Gilded Age with its great Ward McAllister, whom Harry Lehr supplanted as *arbiter elegantiarum,* had aspects that would be most amusing now to see on the stage or in a moving picture, because in perspective they are so pleasingly grotesque. They make good copy—just as it is fun to collect Currier & Ives prints and the drawing-room poetry of a vanished era. But the amount of real intelligence and cultivation actually possessed by this court is all too depressingly revealed in this book.

The court must have a jester. By the favor of society women, with money to burn, a gentleman of the intermediate sex rose to this eminence. He deliberately married an heiress for her money and informed her on her wedding night that she was repulsive to him—that, indeed, all women were. The widowed Mrs. Lehr now writes the story quite frankly. I have said, above, that this society was harmless compared with the court of Caligula. Does it, indeed, seem so? What is a gentleman? I have my own ideas as to that. They point in quite an opposite direction. For years Mrs. Lehr tells us that she bore up under this loveless marriage out of respect for her mother's feelings. In the society of that time it was thought perfectly natural for parents either to demand or to accept such sacrifices. Maybe it isn't just Americans who are extraordinary, though; maybe it is the human race in retrospect. Not that we've got very far as it is.

One does not have to be a communist to hold such an opinion of the material in this book. Because of its anecdotes of the gilded age, the gilded of the present will buy it avidly from Maine to Timbuctoo. It seems to me a bit strange that Mrs. Lehr could have brought herself to write it. Yet I am glad we have it as another document of the time, just as we have Ward McAllister's life, and a few other priceless sidelights on an attitude-toward-existence actually as barbaric as the jungle.

We need not, however, be too self-righteous. Mrs. Lehr tells us that her husband was animated by a great protective love for his mother. She herself endured a martyrdom in private, with her husband, that was profoundly humiliating in his complete indifference to her. In public he treated her with the greatest deference, according to schedule. She played her part partly because she was controlled by the customs of her day and partly for a principle. She suffered a great deal that she had never deserved. When finally she was on the eve of leaving him he stands suddenly in a pathetic light—and the next moment is flinging before her in a spirit of malice a newspaper account of the death of the man she really loved. A touch of the Italian Renaissance; though a more platonic love than the author's for the other man could hardly be imagined. . . .

I see that I have dwelt upon the human story, in which there is material for a novel or a play. It is because a human story is so much more interesting than all the great society entertainments that could ever be given, of which there are many in this book. Also, you will find all the great moneyed names in the index. You can enter the Astor ballroom in all its splendor and meet the Queens of the Four Hundred. But in spite of the blazing and vapid environment the "tears of things" are hidden away in a few human lives. This court is not a great European court; it is vulgar and ostentatious and sometimes even "rough-neck"—but it is made up of erring human beings, after all. It can't escape that interest.

Sleight-of-Hand

THE ENCHANTED SPRING. By Clive Arden. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1935. $2.

THERE is nothing more tawdry, nothing duller, than magic that doesn't come off. This book is a sleight-of-hand performance that we see through, and that leaves us wearied and undazzled. There are, perhaps, only two or three writers in the world who are truly skilful and exquisite deceivers, who can combine sentiment and whimsy and fantasy, and leave us shivering at the last page with that faint tremor of credulity which is our involuntary acknowledgment of magic. Clive Arden is not one of them. Glib rather than deft, unpossessed of humor, and for all his facile sentimentality incapable of poetry, he fails to reach his mark. Our nerves are unresponsive to the spell that he would cast.

He has tried to be wise as well as magical, but his wisdom is platitude. His story of old people who are miraculously made young, is a kind of tract or preachment; a theme that more sharply, less wordily, handled, might easily move us, or start us to reflection. But we feel a certain smugness and banality in Mr. Arden's point of view. He is aggressively "sane," and infallibly commonplace.

S-O-S

HELP us to determine why one of the most exciting novels of the season is still in its first edition! Why haven't you heeded the admonitions of the critics and post-hasted to the nearest bookstore for a copy of

ARCTIC S O S

By Joseph Velter

Listen to what Lewis Gannett says about it—

"You won't stop it if you pick it up. A story of three men in the polar night to chill your blood. Its tale of growing madness in that dreadful isolation must be eerily close to the truth of a dozen Arctic expeditions."

Look what Florence Haxton Britton has to say—

"It is as exciting as any tale of danger protracted into almost intolerable suspense I can at the moment recall. It is also a tender, convincing study of three quite different types of men responding to the deadly challenge of 50 to 60 degrees of cold and endless Arctic night."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books."*

S O S. You're missing a treat—an event—a genuine discovery. If you're still unconcerned, we'll make you this sporting offer: Send the coupon below for a copy of ARCTIC S O S. Read the book. If you don't agree with all we've said, return it at our expense within a week, and we'll refund your money by return mail.

What do you say?

MAIL THIS NOW

To Your Bookseller, *or*
Harper & Brothers,
49 East 33rd Street, New York.

I accept your sporting offer. Here is $2.00 for which send me at once my copy of ARCTIC S O S by Joseph Velter. If I don't agree with you and the critics it is understood I can return it within a week, and my money will be refunded with no questions asked.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clarence Day, Jr.

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE dullest, most perfunctory, and merely egoistic publication known to man is the college reunion classbook, with its series of conventional photographs and its pseudo-romantic biographies of classmates who relive their twenty odd years since graduation in paragraphs of dates, jobs, and the names of children.

Clarence Day, Jr., made his first literary reputation in a classbook. He had been a successful broker with a seat on the stock exchange, enjoying an occupation in which one uses both muscles and brains, and is well paid for both, when an arthritic complaint began slowly to stiffen his joints until his active mind was cabined in a room and often tied to a bed. It was about then, if I remember rightly, that the class of '96 at Yale, which for some reason always spoke of itself as "famous," appointed him its secretary, and that reunion book appeared which now is a collectors' item. For instead of the orthodox summaries of alumni achievement common to such books, Clarence wrote real biographies of real men who had failed as well as succeeded, who, when they were in college, had faults as well as virtues, and who here, to their vast surprise, found themselves intensely interesting because pungently and fallibly human.

The readers of "God and My Father" and "Life With Father," and those *terque beati* who read with delight "This Simian World," when, the work of an unknown in the literary world, it appeared, unheralded, and welcomed only by the wiser few, will not need to be told that there are points of resemblance between Clarence Day, Junior and Clarence Day, Senior. "Father," that domestic autocrat, with a great heart and a hot temper, that cultivated gentleman and realist in religion and finance, that complete egotist who understood many things, but not his wife, nor his sons, nor (particularly) himself, is one of the few truly humorous figures in modern American literature. Ring Lardner, if he had been possessed of that tradition, if he had known that New York life, if he had been more of a philosopher, might have created such a three-dimensional figure of high comedy,—I can think of no one else in our time capable of the achievement. High comedy, but not comic —there is irony, wistfulness, a biting realism, a marvellous tolerance, and an implied philosophy in Clarence Junior's portrait of his father which makes that extraordinary personality humorous as Falstaff or the Vicar of Wakefield is humorous.

And Clarence Day, as I have known him, is his own father if God had given that silk-hatted gentleman the faculty of seeing himself (and all men) as others saw him. For Clarence is the passive voice of an active family, and the passive, as all rhetoricians know, is a subtle weapon that keeps its edge sharp where action might blunt it. I have seen him often on his bed of state, from which he can rise but prefers the prestige of immobility. Stiff legs and back clad in a pyjama robe that suggests the garb of a Buddhist saint, a pose of constant expectancy, a round head, like his caricatures, bald, with a fringe of red hair that gleams, goggle glasses, books,

CLARENCE DAY—A SELF DRAWING

papers, files, bottles, and a breakfast tray (he breakfasts at evening and works all night) in agreeable disorder around him, it is not these, or his quaint gesture as he scratches his head meditatively with a stick, that you remember best—it is his smile. A curious smile, a grin that is a little malicious, wholly sympathetic, questioning, challenging, that wanders about the room where his legs are not free to take him, and unseals the lips of strangers who become voluble. A grin and a glance that ask for nothing except that you should consider how strange is the human animal, but get unasked the instant intimate confidences of women, set them talking of their suddenly articulate thoughts. A searchlight in a midsummer grove is no more revealing than Clarence's smile, but he does not give, so much as call forth, light.

Women are particularly susceptible to his personality, perhaps because he treats them exactly and always as if they were men—or seems to do so. Naturally they do not act like men with him, being inclined to confess more and discuss less. But Clarence is the master of any conversation, for he has the complete dogmatism and self-will of Father, with this difference, that he knows it, and uses his autocracy to break through shells of convention. Before he had a wife to protect him, his more importunate women friends used to try to steal an appointment (one makes appointments with Clarence at horribly inconvenient hours such as mealtime or midnight, as with a President). Rushing in with a tribute of flowers or pine boughs they were asked to drop the smelly things out of the window and wait outside or go home. And he is the kind that does women good because his intellect is intensely male, his realism complete, his intuitions extraordinary. He does us all good, for one feels of him as of the hermit upon the mountain, who has sat there long enough to know himself and see men and events in proportion. I had almost written "saint," but Clarence is no saint. There is a vein of Wall Street ruthlessness and Voltairean malice in him, tempered by honesty, kindness, tolerance, and humor.

But it is Clarence Day's modest, yet alarming insights into the incongruities of human nature that make him unique. Those who have taken time to go beyond the laugh in his drawings that appear so often in *The New Yorker* and *The Saturday Review*, know that sometimes he can be cruel and often profound. He can put the cussedness of the male animal and the sexual greed of the female into the simplest of curving lines. He is proof of the Oriental principle that he who sits quiet learns what the hustlers never discover. He might be the original of that disputed quotation from Emerson about the man who made the best mousetrap and so a path was worn to his door.

I have never known a more truly characteristic American—a Yankee in spite of his birth in New York. For he is that homespun philosopher, a dogmatist without a system, a critic without cynicism, a shrewd idealist, of which Emerson possibly, but certainly Thoreau and the later Mark Twain were types. He wants to know everything, because he is endlessly curious as to why men and women are as they are, but unlike more pretentious philosophers his puzzle never ends in a doctrine. Instead he shows us the monkey man, the feline woman, Father getting baptized, Father on art or music, and lets us draw our own conclusions—which will probably not be his. I say he is Yankee also because he is completely unesthetic. Music and poetry mean little to him, and he is not an intellectual in the cant modern use of that term, for thinking away from the concrete makes him a little contemptuous and perhaps a little afraid. He rejoices that he went to college in the good old days when you lived your life intensely and to hell with the faculty. But a professor is a man, a creature with glands, who by definition has to be abstract and moral, that makes his eyes gleam and his grin come and go. Some day he will do him, or what will be even more painful, draw him.

I have said in passing that Clarence Day is physically helpless, as tightly immured as Mr. Mooney, yet it is impossible to think of him as an invalid. Once his admirers presented him with a car to be used for country jauntings. He returned it with thanks. The reasons he gave were that he would be darned if he would look

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like a mandarin in a sedan chair, as he certainly would have done since just for a ride he would never have doffed his pyjamas. The real reason was more subtle. His inner life is so rich that he dislikes the distraction of looking at scenery, preferring intimate facts or his own thoughts. He lies all day on a high bed by a window that overlooks a wide expanse of Central Park. I doubt whether he looks at the view once in a morning. His nourishment comes not from trees and skies, but from minds, his own and his friends'.

Like so many unesthetic people he has a great respect for a literary style, and thinks he is only a humble journalist setting words one after the other. That is nonsense, of course. His simple, terse sentences. where every phrase counts, are excellent. As a style it is unmistakable. I would recognize one of his paragraphs in the midst of an encyclopedia. And he will not be pleased at being called a philosopher, nor complimented by the name of humorist. The one will seem too pretentious, the other he will identify with the error of careless readers who suppose that his comedies of domestic life are merely funny antiquarianism. But he is certainly both—as all good humorists are, as all good philosophers ought to be. There is a subtle brain behind his engaging grin.

Bohemians Afloat

THE SAN LUCA. By Cilette Ofaire. Translated from the French by Beren Van Slyke. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

THIS little chronicle has run through several editions in the French, and may well be popular here if it happens to catch on. It has the warm human quality and emotional responsiveness now oftener to be found in the writing of effete Europe and especially of realistic France than in the product of our hard-boiled America. It possesses all the qualities that tempt us in the literature of escape. Once on a time Cilette and Charles Ofaire, a pair of hopeful young painters devoted to each other, to Paris, and to their work, awoke to find themselves helpless in the claws of a monster called Depression. Their carefree studio-and-boulevard way of living must end. They retreated to a cottage on the Elbe, but this could be only a temporary asylum. Presently the river solved their problem with the gift of a tiny houseboat sort of craft. Repaired and fitted up, it received their small possessions and was christened after the patron saint of painters.

So began a long random adventure among the canals and rivers of central Europe. At the end of a tow-rope, behind a mule or a train of river barges, the San Luca slowly traversed Germany, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Belgium, France. Now and then it tied up, for work or rest, at the end of a bridge or the bottom of an orchard in some quiet backwater. It would lie frozen in for the winter in the shadow of some dark wharf. Making its way along the congested canals it must run the gauntlet of innumerable locks. Only a succession of miracles kept it afloat among the winds and currents of treacherous rivers like the Rhone. Often the limitations and exactions of the life it offered tempted its masters to abandon it for a safer and easier lot on land. Sometimes for a week or a month they tried the boasted comforts of that lot. But in the end they always came back to the San Luca.

So the chance experiment became a chosen way of life which has served now, we gather, for a dozen years or so. The young pair have become older, the first San Luca was long since succeeded by a roomier and more seaworthy craft. By exhibiting and selling their work its masters have contrived to keep it going. They have made friends everywhere and find a welcome in the cities as well as among the sturdy river people who are their fellow-travelers. For them the discomforts of this form of vagabondage are far outweighed by its satisfactions: its social freedom, its variety of scene, its physical mobility and adventurousness.

Yes, here in this unpretentious but artful record are all the elements of romantic escape, the flight from convention, the return to the primitive, the challenge to danger, the hazard of subsistence by creative effort, and finally a boundless opportunity for new human contacts and intimacies. The writer gives their due to the kindnesses of shore folk who have remembered and kept touch. But her warmest gratitude and affection are for the simple people of canal and river and countryside who from the beginning have welcomed the strangers and taken them in. The secret, we suspect, is that our roving pair are engaging and friendly as most travelers are not, and that their floating hosts and friends instinctively turn their best sides toward them.

The book is adorned with pen sketches by the author.

H. W. Boynton is a critic of long experience.

According to a Berlin correspondent of the *London Observer*, after a year's work in the "Reich's Writing Board," the Ministry of Propaganda has announced that the German equivalent of the "penny dreadful" has vanished from the scene altogether. "Owing to the active coöperation of publishers," the correspondent says, "those comparatively harmless but very lurid stories of crime and passion that used to be delivered in weekly numbers at the back doors have made way for new editions, also hawked in pennyworths, of well-known books of considerably higher standard."

Facing Two Ways

BY BARONESS ISHIMOTO

This is the very human story of a modern woman's struggle to free her sex from the bondage of feudalism in Japan, told with charm and humor. She fought for suffrage and birth control. With 29 photographs, 373 pages, $3.50.

Jungle Gold

BY REX BEACH. A frontier tale filled with strong action and the brilliant color of the tropics. Will remind you of the *Silver Horde*. $2.00

Deep Dark River

BY ROBERT RYLEE. "One of the richest experiences of my life."—*Ralph W. Sockman*. Chosen by the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB. *60,000th*. $2.50

Racing the Seas

BY AHTO WALTER & TOM OLSEN. Two boys race a small boat across the Atlantic. "I could not lay it down!"—*O. O. McIntyre*. Illust., $2.75

The new NERO WOLFE mystery

THE LEAGUE OF Frightened Men

By Rex Stout, author of Fer-de-Lance

"An amazingly clever, thrilling murder story."—*William Lyon Phelps*. "It has everything that a good detective story should have."—*N.Y. Times*. $2.

The Puritan Strain

BY FAITH BALDWIN. The story of Elizabeth Condit (of *American Family*), her marriage, and her great love affair in midlife. "A good story." —*New York Times*. $2.00

Miss J. Looks On

BY SOPHIE KERR. "The season's finest novel of American family life."—*N. Y. Journal*. "Extraordinarily moving."—*Margaret Deland*. $2.00

Mr. Pinkerton Grows A Beard

BY DAVID FROME. "The best of the stories about Pinkerton, and that's saying a great deal."—*N. Y. Times*. $2.00

FARRAR AND RINEHART

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Pennsylvania Commoner

THADDEUS STEVENS. By Thomas Frederick Woodley. Harrisburg, Pa.: The Telegraph Press. 1935.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IT is curious how the tempestuous, belligerent, vindictive personality of Thaddeus Stevens has remained one of the most vivid and interesting in our political history. To his own generation he was hardly more prominent than Ben Wade and not so imposing as Charles Sumner; but while rough Ben Wade has yet to find a passable biographer, and Sumner is now regarded with almost universal dislike and widespread contempt, Thad Stevens still looms up compellingly in the foreground of Civil War and Reconstruction history.

For this there are two good reasons. In the first place, he had, as Webster said of Rufus Choate, an instinct for the jugular. It was he who laid a sure finger upon the means of humiliating Andrew Johnson, of exalting the power of Congress, and of placing the Negroes and radicals in control of the still-struggling South. As a second consideration, his acrid temperament, his stinging irony and sarcasm, his imperious will, his vengefulness, made him a dramatic figure. Long after most men have forgotten what Zach Chandler and Oliver P. Morton ever did, they will retain a picture of the implacable Thad Stevens being carried in a chair to the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, and of his burial in the little Negro cemetery of Lancaster. It is perhaps not an enviable fate to be remembered in the fashion Stevens is remembered, as an incarnation of sectional hatred, the representative of the worst forces of a tragic period. But a certain respect is bound up with the remembrance; if far from a stateman, the old Commoner was every inch a man, whose qualities extort a tribute even from such hostile writers as Claude G. Bowers and George Fort Milton.

To the two good biographies of Stevens previously existing, Mr. Woodley now adds a third. The sympathetic yet judicious volume by Samuel W. McCall is a vivid bit of personal portraiture, done with literary skill, though now antiquated and too sketchy to be satisfactory; the much fuller, more scholarly, and more critical work by J. A. Woodburn has far more value, though written before some of the most significant material on Reconstruction was brought to light. Mr. Woodley has neither Mr. McCall's literary grace nor Professor Woodburn's scholarly equipment. Yet he very capably fills some gaps which the earlier writers left in Stevens's history. Being a Pennsylvania attorney, he naturally and properly presents a much fuller record of Stevens's early career—that is, his activities before 1861—than the other writers. And there are few other parts of Stevens's life to which he does not add some new touches. He has ransacked the manuscript collections in Washington, Philadelphia, Cambridge, and other cities, has hunted up the unused records of Stevens's relations with his nephews, and has cast his net widely over old newspaper files in search of fresh items. The very illustrations of his book have a refreshing originality. It might be much better written, but it is not to be neglected by students of the man or the time.

The new material upon the grim fanatic changes none of the older views upon him or his work. It simply underlines and reënforces the accepted impression of his narrowness, his courage, his hardness of heart, and his sincerity. Mr. Woodley gives us some fresh facts upon Stevens as a business man and ironmaster, but his iron business did singularly little to enlarge his vision or render him more flexible. Its comparatively unprosperous character perhaps contributed to sour his views. The author tells us more than any previous writer about Stevens's reading; but here again his excursions into historical and political literature did little to liberate his spirit. We learn a good many details about his dexterity in politics, which often came close to trickery. A good many quotations from Stevens's public utterances do more to prove his forcefulness of speech, which sometimes had the blasting quality of a sudden burst of flame, than his supposed wit. Indeed, he was wholly lacking in the kind of wit that made Tom Reed, for example, famous. He excelled with the bludgeon and not the rapier, and even his much-praised sarcasm had a heavy, brutal quality, as in his elaborate comparison of Johnson's and Seward's swing around the circle in 1866 with the tour of a travelling circus. Perhaps the best example of his irony, as the author remarks, was his reference to his measure for seizing 400,000,000 acres of the Southerners' land as a "mild confiscation." Mr. Woodley gives some new illustrations of his total inability to see the other man's point of view, even when the other man was as mild, as persuasive, as consummately wise and practical a member of his own party as his nominal chief, Abraham Lincoln.

Perhaps the chief contribution of this thorough but unskilfully written book is the evidence it offers for Stevens's sincerity. To be sure, it was the sincerity of a clouded and terribly myopic vision. But in spite of all that has been alleged against Stevens's purity of motive—in spite of the allegations that he planned the "Tapeworm Railroad" in Pennsylvania to fill his own pocket, that he opposed Lincoln's policies because Lincoln put Simon Cameron into the Cabinet instead of himself, that he hated the Southerners because Lee's army burned his iron mill, that his devotion to the Negroes gained a special fierceness from the circumstance that he made a Negro housekeeper his mistress—we rise from this record with faith that the detraction was essentially false. He was an honest man. It was his fierce, unrecking sincerity which made him so powerful a force in Reconstruction days. It was this which, conjoined with his unwisdom and prejudice, made his career so lamentable a calamity to the Southern whites, to the Republican Party of the North, and in the end to the Negro race itself.

Immoral Anthology

AN IMMORAL ANTHOLOGY. Decorated by André Durenceau. 1934.

THIS is a collection of ribald verses which proves by exception the rule that such books are always poorly printed: in this case the Walpole Printing Office has produced a very handsome volume! The verses themselves are interesting, and some of them are of the best of their kind—and that kind is such that under "civilized" conditions their circulation must be restricted. Yet they should be available, and it is highly desirable that they be available in decent format. The book has been set in a good kind of sans-serif type, with initials in gold; there are some excellent decorations in line, and the binding is in decorated paper boards, with cloth back. The book has, deservedly, been included in the "Fifty Books" show of the current year. Two hundred and ninety copies of it have been printed for sale.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
WAX *Ethel Lina White* (Crime Club: $2.)	Deaths in British small-town wax-works gallery excite curiosity of newspaper gal—to her deadly peril.	No sleuthing to speak of but a fantastic and gashly picture of mean intrigue amid petty people—with romantic trimmings.	Grim but Good
SUDDEN DEATH *Lee Thayer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	All evidence—despite phony confession—points to suicide of shipping-man; but Peter Clancy thinks different, and proves it.	Author does good job of hornswoggling reader, though story is inclined to sag a bit in middle.	Agreeable
DR. TANCRED BEGINS *G. D. H. and Margaret Cole* (Crime Club: $2.)	Envenoming of tyrannical old Briton starts young Dr. T. on trail whose end finds him much older and wiser.	Leisurely but interesting first vol. of a mystery whose final solution is divulged in a volume yet to come.	So far so good...

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Fiction

THE SECOND PRINCE. By Thomas Bell. Putnam. 1935. $2.50.

"Youth's eternal quest—in the chaos of today": so the jacket reads, so the first two chapters read, with Striker Godown, the very evident and virile hero, setting forth in the midst of some good writing, to find adventure, beauty, and truth. Echo? Echo? Right. The plush harps of James Branch Cabell sounded and sounded the theme for a decade. Only the chaos was lacking: there were instead the middle-of-the-week, colorless Wednesdays which all the Cabellian heroes found, at last, were their disillusioning birthdays. Meantime the depression has intervened, and heroes, like true Saturday's children, must work for their bread.

Striker Godown works and works hard, as a sailor, as a laborer, in a brief chapter. For a while the luscious harps of the twenties are still. But Striker must arise and go, now, and go to Indian Hill, where peace comes dropping slow, and think about it all. Blackie, a boy from the old home town, who went forth adventuring, too, goes back with him. (Here and there events like the cold suburban train ride are actual and real in the writing.) There is a girl. Her name is Lee and she writes advertising and cups her breasts. But she is beautiful, she is beauty. Striker decides he has Beauty, at least, when he marries her. In between his decision to think about it all and marrying the beautiful Lee, Striker thinks about it all, all being his ancestors, his disillusionments, and, hallmark of the depression, something maestro Cabell never mentioned, a strike down on River Street in the Iron Works. Striker begins to write a book in which Striker Godown sets out in search of beauty, adventure and truth. By the by, he has shocked his old neighbors and friends with his thoughts and the people he invites to dinner.

They say, or They said, a few months ago, there's "a swing to romance." "The Second Prince" sadly proves They're right. But let romance keep its mushy fingers off of places like River Street and Iron Works. These at least are no Lands of the Heart's Desire.

K. W.

VALLEY PEOPLE. By Frances Marion. 1935. $2.

When a good book is written by someone in the movies it is as surely news as when a man bites a dog. The parasitic art has just produced its first piece of important fiction in Frances Marion's novel.

"Valley People" has nothing to do with movies. It is a series of sketches of characters in an obscure California valley, revisited by a writer afflicted with a nostalgia for her birthplace. The publishers speak of it as a prose "Spoon River Anthology," not without some justification. Miss Marion has the same feeling for the stark tragedies of simple people as Masters displayed in his poems. Yet while "Valley People" cannot be placed upon the same literary plane as "Spoon River," it is more pleasing in one respect, that its colors are brighter, if not laid on by so sure a brush.

One element of technique Miss Marion has mastered perfectly. This is the device of producing a certain, specific effect by having an unsympathetic character say exactly the opposite. "Gray Claypool's Wife," one of the sketches in the series, has to do with a cultured and wealthy young woman who marries a prosperous farmer and comes to live in the Valley. His mother lives with them, and because "it's only fair to us that you hear it direct from me," this vicious old woman tells of her daughter-in-law's "sin." Anyone who can read this story without feeling an impulse to tear a page out of the book and rip it into shreds for the sake of doing something physically violent to Ma Claypool must have a lot of self control.

This is Miss Marion's first book. She is the author of some of the more endurable motion pictures, which have occupied her since the close of the war. It is interesting to learn that there can be exceptions to the rule that the studios smother creative ability.

R. B.

EVERYTHING IS THUNDER. By J. L. Hardy. Doubleday, Doran. 1935.

An English officer, after several unsuccessful attempts, escapes from a German prison camp in 1917; he falls in love with a Berlin prostitute who falls in love with him and stays in love, even after she learns his identity; thanks to her he escapes to Holland, but he loses her on the way and cannot rest until he has expiated the offense, however accidental, of saving himself and not her. Here is the material of a first-rate romantic melodrama out of which Mr. Hardy has extracted full value. He himself escaped from a German prison camp to Holland, and he remembers it vividly enough to make the reader live the story with him; you feel as you read it the sense of continual deadly peril of a man at large in disguise in an enemy country, wanted not only for escape but for murder—and yet along with that the vital impulse that drives a man to seize as much of life as he can on the edge of the grave.

With the psychological background of his story Mr. Hardy has been less successful, doubtless because this is his first novel. Hugh McGrath was a neurotic, tormented from childhood by a sense of inferiority and as an adult by the realization that he was never quite up to a crisis. He may have behaved as bravely, as alertly, as the average man; but his conviction of insufficiency drove him to create a mental image of himself behaving better than the average man, and he took wild chances trying to live up to it. Mr. Hardy has here projected a valid and very interesting character, but is not skilful enough to bring him to life at all times; till he gets his hero into action he cannot show us what made McGrath what he was, he has to tell us. But his heroine is by no means the conventional virtuous prostitute of romance; her behavior, however amazing, is

(*Continued on page 25*)

HARPER & BROTHERS
ANNOUNCE
THE PUBLICATION
OF THE
HARPER
PRIZE
NOVEL
BY H. L. DAVIS
HONEY IN
THE HORN
"One of those uncommon books that really express a land and an age."
Chosen from 800 manuscripts by
SINCLAIR LEWIS
DOROTHY CANFIELD
LOUIS BROMFIELD
$2.50

THE FIFTH
ATLANTIC
NOVEL CONTEST
$10,000
offered jointly by the Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown & Company, for the most interesting unpublished novel ($5000 as an outright prize and $5000 as an advance on account of royalties) submitted before March 1, 1936. Book rights only. Write to:
FIFTH NOVEL CONTEST
ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE most recent news of a new American poet who seems to be about to astonish the natives is that of one that the Liveright Publishing Corporation considers a "find." He is *Archibald Fleming* and his book is "The Island Called Pharos," which will be published this Fall. Another Archibald, *Archibald MacLeish,* has given the book his recommendation. I look forward with considerable interest to finding out what Mr. Fleming is about. . . . In discussing *Lawrence Whistler's* poems two weeks ago I spoke of certain phrases that puzzled me. *Mrs. Bent* of Winthrop, Massachusetts, writes me anent one of them:

> To me the phrase, "the needled gloom," visualizes a dull twilight light on a small stand of pine trees. When—if—I read the poem containing the phrase, I shall be interested to see if this "vision" fits at all.

"Englishwoman" tells me that the word "sucker" (botanically) means a shoot from a creeping root, not from the main stem—frequent in roses. She declares that the word is in common use in England. And *Dorothy B. Cammell* of Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y., elucidates further:

> —the sucker mentioned—is a long, green shoot, new growth, of a rambler rose. In Lincolnshire, at least, we call them suckers. This one probably wouldn't blow for long against the diamonds, for it would be cut back ruthlessly by the garden enthusiast of the family to prevent its sapping the strength of the old stock. But until it was so cut it would be allowed to wave at will in the wind.

S. G. Morley writes me from Dutch Flat, California, upon the late *Herbert Trench.* He cites a column about Trench that I wrote years ago, and wishes me to say a word again for this Irish poet. Mr. Morley thinks that Trench has contributed some of the most exalted love-poetry and some of the most soaring lyric lines in English verse.

In "Deirdre Wedded" the piling up of images astounds one: each seems to touch the limit of effective imagination, and then the next overpasses it. . . . And by the way, in this same poem occurs the phrase "heaven-high, hell-deep." Is that where the recent popular title came from, or did it exist before?

To answer first Mr. Morley's question, I believe the phrase "heaven-high, hell-deep" existed before, though I cannot prove it. I have a deep and lasting admiration for the poetry of Herbert Trench. I shall never forget the experience of first reading his "Apollo and the Seaman," or such a lyric as "I Heard a Soldier Sing Some Trifle." He is possessed of the genuine lyrical impulse, and, as Mr. Morley says, his command of phrase is often superb. When it is so difficult nowadays to remember much of anything from a good many modern poets, it is extraordinary how much of Trench is memorable. What the late *Sir William Watson* said in a poem, might be quoted of many of Trench's lines:

This savors not of death. This hath a relish of eternity.

The end of last month the *Washington Star* printed an article saying that a drive is being sponsored by the Washington branch of the American Association of University Women, under the leadership of *Mrs. Frank Hiram Snell,* with the major objective of establishing an award to be made annually by the President of the United States for "the best volume of poetry published within the year by a resident citizen," this award to be known as "the President's Medal" and to correspond to the similar honor recently conferred by King George in England on *Laurence Whistler's* work. A committee of critics would make the recommendation. I myself see no reason why there shouldn't be a President's Medal for poetry. Its bestowals would probably be no better and no worse than those of the Pulitzer Prize. Some struggling poet would be helped out. Good idea, say I.

"Notes on Death and Life," by *Theodore Morrison* (Thomas Y. Crowell Company), looks like a good book of poetry. It bears a great send-off by *Hervey Allen.* It is being sent out for a special review by another hand.

The latest volume of *Arthur Guiterman* is "Death and General Putnam" (Dutton). The title poem has become widely popular. Mr. Guiterman writes well of the out-of-doors. He can also turn a shrewd, pithy aphorism in verse about as well as it can be done. For instance, this isn't the kind of thing poets are writing today. They would think of it, probably, as a mere didactic jingle. But I myself consider it both wise witty, and well worth doing:

TRAGEDY

He wronged me; but quickly the pang of it perished,
For how should a wrong be remembered and cherished
When Love is a compact too dear for the pledgers
To enter each debt in account-books and ledgers?

Though I would erase it, not asking a wherefore,
Embittered, he knows that he wronged me, and therefore
No matter what ages my friend may outlive me,
I know, to my grief, he will never forgive me!

There is what I can only call a certain "boyishness" about some of Mr. Guiterman's always adeptly rhymed poems. It shows in the exultation of "Skating to Albany," which I like for that precise reason. It gives gusto to a mighty good ballad called "When Falstaff Met the Wife of Bath;" it serves to conjure up veritably before your eyes the aspect of a pup strayed and lost in the city street, it inspires so excellent a brief flight as the song about "The Bat," which has a touch of that magic that made the songs of Shakespeare. Naturally, I am not comparing Mr. Guiterman to Shakespeare! But "Jog on, jog on the footpath way and merrily hent the stile-a," is the kind of casual, open-road song, for instance, that this American poet does very well. And there is an epigrammatic felicity, as in this "Greek Song," that is certainly not easy to come by:

It was not I who dared betray
The secret known to you and me;
The moon beheld from heaven's way
And told the news to sky and sea.

The ripples laughed in elvish joy
And told the oarblade, water-pearled;
The oarblade told the sailor-boy
Who sang our love to all the world!

Mr. Guiterman is not always so good, and the present book is not, on the whole, his best; but it is companionable, honest, and brave.

The great speech of the Messenger concerning Creon and his daughter in "The Medea" of *Euripides,* is strikingly rendered by the negro poet *Countée Cullen* in "The Medea and Some Poems" (Harper); but otherwise I feel that this poet is not altogether successful in his translation. He becomes spasmodically colloquial in an odd way. The version was made for *Rose McClendon,* the star of "In Abraham's Bosom," and its effectiveness could be measured better upon the stage. The choruses have been set to music by *Virgil Thompson* and are designed to be sung. In his lyrics and sonnets Mr. Cullen always has something to say and is worth reading. He is, however, to me, one of those poets still in process of accomplishment. I am judging him as he wishes to be judged, not because of his race—for among the poets of his own race he stands high indeed—but in the rank and file of the great army of poets who have written in English from the beginning.

I suppose it is partly the idea of August, a summer spent in town, and the hardly-ceasing appearance before me of small books of poetry and small magazines filled with poetry, that makes me feel rather depressed at the moment. So much work is being written that attains a certain level and gets no higher.

By LEE THAYER

Sudden Death

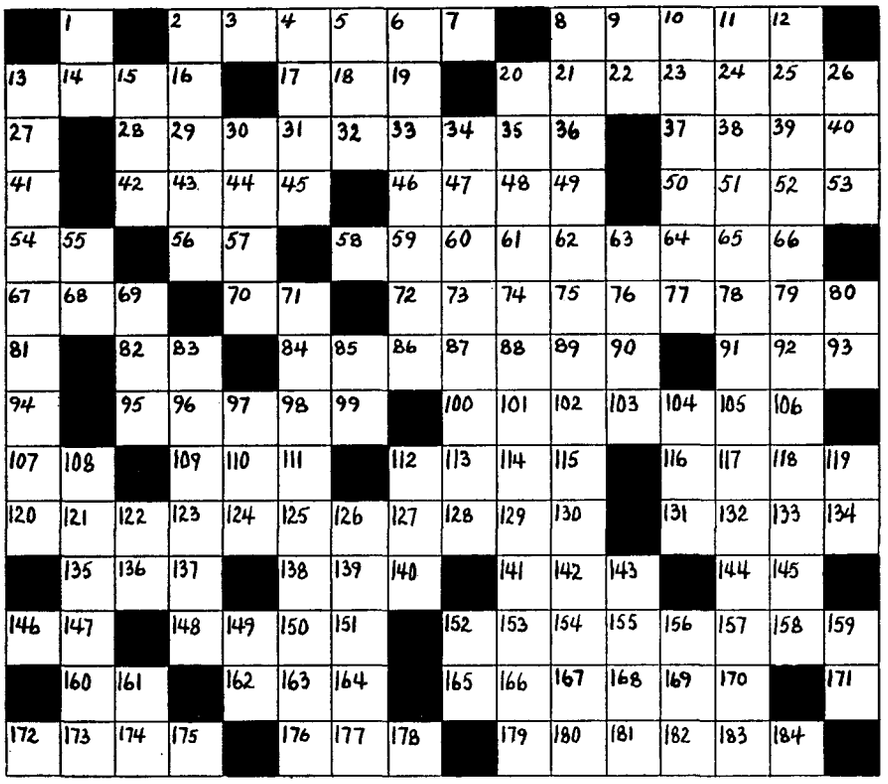
A PETER CLANCY Story

The irrepressible red-haired Peter Clancy in another "Red Badge" detective story! *Dodd, Mead.* $2.00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostics: No. 74

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on the next page.

DEFINITIONS

I. Abused by superior power.

II. Wife of Capaneus.

III. Rouses, instigates.

IV. Midwestern packing city.

V. Localization.

VI. Friends of Dr. Johnson.

VII. Partial; equidistant.

VIII. Scandinavian legend.

IX. Striking effect.

X. Transparent.

XI. Ill-considered.

XII. Rich in combustible mineral.

XIII. Vegetable flower-head (pl.).

XIV. Fellow-citizen.

XV. Imparts gradually.

XVI. Diffusion through membrane (chem.).

XVII. Capital of the Bahamas.

XVIII. Monolithic pyramids.

XIX. Direct, straightforward.

XX. Ground-hogs.

XXI. Indebted to.

XXII. Shakespearian tragedy.

XXIII. To adorn.

XXIV. Periods of darkness.

WORDS

36 145 42 177 13 60 83 158 140 73 137

40 182 15 72 139 35

108 162 120 61 68 16 179

38 54 20 77 103

147 135 102 21 67 48 111 114 127 149 144

7 110 164 138 180 62 33

134 3 142 28 155 181 151

136 19 69 176

66 50 150 113 8

178 1 141 121 94 63 31 166 163 55

29 4 133 51 18 167 59 9 153 79 97 143

100 71 156 74 27

58 157 44 10 117 49 172 87 106 170

109 160 91 41 95 126 101 86

132 89 112 129 32 65 81 46

96 124 84 173 130 23 70

11 52 56 184 85 80

57 104 183 122 92 99 174 152

161 119 30 93 14 53 43 24 165 82

131 107 148 90 118 125 47 2 12 159

6 37 88 128 76

39 116 171 146 169 26 45

115 22 64 154 98 105 75 168 34

5 123 17 25 78 175

Introductory Offer

34 weeks of The Nation for only $2

usually $3.26

FOR the significant news most dailies don't dare print and for fearless, authoritative interpretation turn to America's foremost liberal weekly—The Nation!

Since 1865 thoughtful readers have welcomed The Nation as a remarkably inexpensive but safe insurance against intellectual dry rot.

Moreover, in at least one respect it is unique—it is read by its enemies! They may damn it—but they read it. That is, the more intelligent of them. For they know that few magazines exercise a wider influence.

Because forecasting The Nation's leading articles is as difficult a task as predicting tomorrow's news, we present this brief list of recent features to illustrate The Nation's scope and vitality:

IS DREISER ANTI-SEMITIC?
Correspondence with Hapgood
MOSCOW FROWNS ON ABORTIONS
by Louis Fischer
ARE NOVELS WORTH READING?
by Joseph Wood Krutch
NAZI JEW-BAITING IN AMERICA
by Charles Angoff
DODGING TAXES WITH MELLON
by Thomas O. Shepard
LABOR AND THE LIBERALS
by Heywood Broun
JOHN STRACHEY
by Norman Thomas
HOW HONEST IS LIFE INSURANCE?
by Mort and E. A. Gilbert
ROOSEVELTIAN COMPROMISE
by Oswald Garrison Villard
CUBA'S NEW MACHADO
by Carleton Beals
BIRTH CONTROL AND OBSCENITY
by Raymond Gram Swing
LA FOLLETTES FACE THE FUTURE
by Louis Adamic

IN VARIETY OF SUBJECT MATTER, you see that The Nation's terse, crisp articles ably match the kaleidoscopic times in which we live.

In 34 issues you will read 170 courageous articles, 373 editorial paragraphs, 136 full-length editorials on vital issues of the week, 204 candid reviews of the new films, plays, and books "reaching as high a level as literary criticism can hope to reach."

"At $5 a year The Nation is the best buy in America," writes a subscriber. "But at 34 weeks for $2 it's SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE!"

You need send no money for 30 days. But for a better understanding of tomorrow—*order today!*

ORDER FORM

SRS

THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., New York City

Please send me 34 weeks of The Nation for only $2. ☐ I enclose my check. Or ☐ I will pay in 30 days.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

ALL PASSION SPENT. By V. Sackville-West. *Doubleday, Doran.*

BRAZILIAN ADVENTURE. By Peter Fleming. *Scribners.*

THE MARTIAL SPIRIT. By Walter Millis. *Houghton Mifflin.*

The Negro in Fiction

"I am writing," says M. E. L. of Austin, Texas, *"to see whether you might help me to secure material on a thesis subject, 'The Negro in Recent American Fiction.' . . . My subject may include, also, the Negro in recent drama."*

WITHIN recent years there has been so large a number of stories making the Negro either the center of interest or of large importance that an inclusive list would stretch to impressive proportions. I am including here only a comparatively few of the many and those of fairly recent appearance. Several are by members of the Negro race itself, such as Claude McKay's BACK TO HARLEM (Harpers), Jesse Fauset's COMEDY, AMERICAN STYLE (Stokes), a tale dealing with the color problem in modern, middle-class Negro society; THE WAYS OF WHITE FOLK (Knopf), short stories by Langston Hughes, poet and novelist who has made an enviable name for himself, and Zora N. Hurston's JONAH'S GOURD VINE (Lippincott), a novel playing in Alabama and Florida shortly after the Civil War. The latest work with the Negro for hero to make its appearance, and a mighty good book it is, is Robert Rylee's DEEP, DARK RIVER (Farrar & Rinehart), which recounts the experiences of a plantation Negro of noble character who is under charge of murder. Hamilton Basso's CINNAMON SEED (Scribners) realistically portrays plantation life as it is lived today, as does L. M. Alexander's CANDY (Dodd, Mead). William March's COME IN AT THE DOOR (Smith & Haas) sets its story back in the days of the Underground Railway and later post-Civil War years. A book of quite different type, with a locale far removed from the the American, but with the Negro still for hero, is D. Manners-Sutton's BLACK GOD (Longmans, Green) which depicts a collision between the Negro and a white man in Africa in the moving story of an old black man who bides his time while awaiting vengeance for an injury done him.

Since M. E. L. states in her letter that she is familiar with the work of such writers as Roark Bradford, Carl Van Vechten, Julia Peterkin, DuBose Heyward, and Roy Cohen I make no mention of their familiar works. Nor do I include the novels of T. S. Stribling since undoubtedly M. E. L. knows them too. As to the drama, it is probably unnecessary (but I do it nevertheless) to include such noted plays at Eugene O'Neill's EMPEROR JONES (Random House), Paul Green's IN ABRAHAM'S BOSOM (Allen), DuBose Heyward's PORGY (Doubleday, Doran) in its dramatic version, and Marc Connelly's GREEN PASTURES (Farrar & Rinehart). Three plays have recently aroused much interest, Myer's BLACK SOULS (New Bedford, Mass.: Reynolds), STEVEDORE (Covici-Friede), by Peters and Sklar, a powerful presentation of race relations in the South, and THEY SHALL NOT DIE (Knopf), by John Wexley, which takes the tragic and appalling Scottsboro case for subject.

Books on the Indian for Children

R. R. of Chicago, Ill., *wishes a list of books dealing with the American Indian suitable for children from seven to twelve years old.*

I answer R. R.'s question with trepidation for he is himself an anthropologist and undoubtedly demands scrupulous exactitude in the information the books on the Indian will contain. Moreover, there is a wide gap between the interest of the youngster of seven and that of the child of twelve. Still, I suppose that the works the older child reads with ease and enjoyment can be adapted by judicious guidance to the understanding of the younger.

None among the books on the American Indian is likely to have more appeal for young folks than those in which the red men have told the story of their own lives. An autobiography like Buffalo Child Long Lance's LONG LANCE (Farrar & Rinehart), for instance, with its account of boyhood among the Siksika Indians and the tribal life and ceremonies of the Canadian Blackfeet, or Charles A. Eastman's INDIAN BOYHOOD and FROM THE DEEP WOODS TO CIVILIZATION (both Little, Brown), chronicles of a youth spent among the Dakotas, are sure to prove fascinating reading. So, too, is Luther Standing Bear's MY PEOPLE THE SIOUX (Houghton Mifflin), which has the added fillip for youth of the fact that the author after he had left his reservation was for a time one of Buffalo Bill's company. So much for books on the Indians by Indians. There are others, like Hamlin Garland's collection of fourteen stories entitled THE BOOK OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN (Harpers) and Edward S. Curtis's THE INDIAN DAYS OF LONG AGO (World Book Company) which should likewise prove of interest, as should, too, THE INDIAN HOW BOOK (Doubleday, Doran), by Arthur C. Parker (Gawaso Wanneh). This last is a volume setting forth the manner in which the Indians made their canoes and wigwams, fashioned their totem poles, and in general prepared the means of life.

There is, of course, one author who still stands preëminent in interest in his writing concerning the Indians, and that is Parkman. Little, Brown issues what it calls THE BOY'S PARKMAN, with illustrations by Frederic Remington and has an edition of THE OREGON TRAIL with pictures by Wyeth.

I can't, I simply can't, leave the subject of literature on the Indians without mention of an author whose redskins are completely discredited, but who, I still think, more than any other could rouse interest in the Indian. That, of course, is Cooper. If I wanted to stimulate enthusiasm in the child for the native American I'd give him the LEATHERSTOCKING TALES the minute he was old enough to read them with enjoyment, and I'd let scientific knowledge take care of itself afterwards. Certainly after he had read those novels the Indian could never be an object of indifference to a lad, and the chances are nine out of ten that he would approach any other literature about him the more eagerly because of Cooper's tales.

Mexico Again

H. P. of Syracuse, Ill., *is program chairman for a Study Club which wishes to take up Mexico as its subject of discussion for the coming season. The club is to have seven or eight meetings on this country and H. P. wishes suggestions for background reading.*

I take it from H. P.'s letter that the club wants to approach its topic from different angles, so I suggest first reports on such works as will give historical perspective. There are two which take precedence over all others, THE DISCOVERY AND CONQUEST OF MEXICO (Harpers), by Bernal Diaz de Castilo, and Prescott's CONQUEST OF MEXICO. Both of these have meat enough to furnish any amount of material that is needed. It might be interesting, too, in connection with the first of them to spend an afternoon on readings from Archibald MacLeish's CONQUISTADOR (Houghton Mifflin), a long narrative poem of fine swing and vigor based on the old chronicle. Coming down to the present the best book H. P.'s club can get for the groundwork of its discussion of government, politics, and essential characteristics is Ernest Gruening's MEXICO AND ITS HERITAGE (Appleton-Century). Only a few weeks ago I published a note from Mr. Vernon Munroe, who has read widely in the Mexican field, stating that the best books he knows are Madame Calderon de la Barca's LIFE IN MEXICO and Charles M. Flandreau's LIFE IN MEXICO The first, though written about 1840, still presents, Mr. Munroe says, a faithful picture of present-day Mexico, and the second is unique in its understanding of the peon. It is a gay and entertaining tale.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 73)

SIDNEY LANIER—"BARNACLES"

Old Past, let go, and drop i' the sea
Till fathomless waters cover thee!
For I am living, but thou art dead;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
The day to find!
. . . . . .
Thy shells unbind! . . .
I needs must hurry with the wind
And trim me best for sailing.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

(*Continued from page 21*)

soundly motivated; and Mr. Hardy has done very well too with his German detective, driven by a combination of private and public interests. Here is a new writer who seems likely to get somewhere.

E. D.

Government

DICTATORS AND DEMOCRACIES TODAY. By John Martin. Winter Park, Florida: The Rollins Press. 1935. $2.50.

The antithesis presented by the title of this book will continue to provide a fruitful interpretation of world affairs for some time to come. Mr. Martin has made judicious use of it in estimating the different effects of the two types of government on the relations prevailing between the Powers and, without predicting the dominance of either means of control, he has selected the indubitable expansion of state authority as the basis for his suggestions of policy and his careful assessment of the prospects of peace.

Of the two parts of this brief treatise, the first is devoted to a survey of the League, the Kellogg Pact, the disarmament embroglio, and the Far Eastern situation. The analysis is candid and convincing; it is supplemented by a "new strategy" for American exponents of peace which is to be based on three cardinal principles: a thoroughgoing revision of the concept of neutrality, a more definite coöperation with all agencies of international conciliation, and a more urbane view of Japanese activities. So rapidly, however, do events move in this field, that these features are already to be discerned in the outlines of present policy in Washington.

The case of the Schecter chickens has likewise altered the domestic aspect of the United States, which the author describes in the second part of the book. No changes of similar import have occurred in other nations, however, so that his conclusions remain broadly accurate. He paints a lively picture of a ruthlessly idealistic Russia, a fanatic Germany, and the one-man show which Italy has become. As a former Laborite, he has many pertinent observations to make on the sedate democracy of Great Britain, and his view of France, distracted by manifold ills, is rather more sympathetic than those usually to be found in the daily press. Mr. Martin closes with a "challenge to youth" that seems slightly academic, but whose tone is not wanting in enthusiasm nor even in practical proposals which may ere long be entertained by legislators.

One point is deserving of especial mention. Mr. Martin whole-heartedly endorses Anglo-American coöperation, especially in the Pacific area, while maintaining that the United States must conciliate Japan. Since British interests in the Orient are from six to twelve times as great as the American stake, there appears to be some danger that the younger nation will be drawn into an unwarranted defense of the mother-country. Yet, though almost all statements are subject to qualification and some are of the substance of rumor, it must not be forgotten that the various chapters represent lec-

(*Continued on page 27*)

WANTED:
SOMEONE WHO CAN READ

THAT is just about all a bookseller is going to need to make his cash register start chiming like a carillon. Being literate is not such a rare accomplishment, and almost anyone who can read is well on the way to becoming a regular customer when faced by THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S new three-piece display unit in a bookstore. Reports from shops where this display is already in use indicate that it is accomplishing even more than we had hoped for. Made of metal, finished in silver, with varnished paper labels in three colors, the unit consists of an easeled magazine stand 9" wide and 14½" high and two wire racks to merchandise the new books reviewed in each issue. The combination SELLS the new books as well as copies of THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

THE SRL'S NEW BOOKSTORE DISPLAY UNIT

The new display unit, pictured above, is available to dealers, postpaid at 75 cents for the three pieces (considerably less than cost). Dealers who have insufficient counter space may fasten the magazine stand vertically to the wall. For this purpose, the SRL will supply free, on request, an additional retaining wire to prevent copies from falling forward out of the stand. Extra wire book racks may be had for 25 cents the pair. Why not send in your order at once to: THE BOOKSTORE DEPARTMENT of The Saturday Review at 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞The death of Sir William Watson set Quercus thinking about epigrams in verse. ☞Wonder if that neat little anthology *The Soul of Wit* published ten years ago by Putnam is still in print? ☞Wonder if *any* books published ten years ago are still in print? ☞Quercus does not care for epigrams whose felicity depends upon an elaborate explanatory title; such as Charles Dalmon's *Trout Leaping in the Arun Where a Juggler Was Drowned;* or Watson's *Inscription on a Rock Having the Likeness of Immense Human Features.* ☞But think of an anthology of epigrams containing nothing by T. W. H. Crosland. ☞The ignorance of anthologists is a continual ecstasy to other anthologists. ☞The quatrain of Watson's that old infidel Q. most loves was this:—

Love, like a bird, hath perched upon a spray
For thee and me to hearken what he sings.
Contented, he forgets to fly away;
But hush! . . . remind not Eros of his wings.

☞Speaking of wings, Old Q. wishes he could take his vacation on one of those voyages (90 to 100 days) to Australia in the sailing ships owned by Captain Erikson of Mariehamn, Aland Islands, Finland. ☞All Quercus's old Scandinavian blood boils under his cutwater to think of getting aboard the 4-masted barque *L'Avenir* at Copenhagen in September, paying at the rate of 10 shillings a day—"prepared" (says Captain Erikson's pamphlet, one of the few pieces of printed matter really worth the attention of Maritime Collectors) "to rough it, taking pot-luck with the Captain and Officers." ☞The passenger's Next-of-Kin must sign an indemnity undertaking to reimburse the shipowner for "medical, burial or repatriation expenses" on account of said passenger. ☞Hearty thanks to our good friend Corney Hatch of the Bristed-Manning Travel Service, for telling us about this opportunity; of which we had already heard plaudits from the seagoing printer Bruce Rogers. ☞George Seiffert sends us an attractive picture postcard of George Street, Sydney, N.S.W., where he is selling books for Doubleday.

☞Mr. John Chamberlain of the *N. Y. Times,* a serious-minded man, or his associated Mystery Fans, have not much nostril for detective stories, we opine; they speak of the sparkling *Headed for a Hearse* as "tough and tiresome." ☞Eleanor Blake (Omena, Mich.) is quite right (and so were many others) in calling Old Q. for sloppy proofreading: we actually let *Ryecroft* go through as "Richard" instead of "Henry." ☞R. L. B. (Gate City, Va.) thinks the poem he wrote (but did not send) for the Withers Competition is better than the one we gifted as winner. ☞Without offering any opinion, we print a portion of the canticle:—

WITHERS SHALL NOT WRING TONIGHT

Withers shall not wring tonight,
Nor tears bedew a lash;
Death shall have no sting tonight,
No food shall turn to ash.

No sobs shall rack a frame tonight,
Nor yet grief turn things black;
None shall be put to shame tonight,
To ruin, nor to rack.

The whippoorwills and sparks tonight
Shall make no single moan,
And melancholy marks, tonight,
No sad soul for her own.

No fiend shall crash the gate tonight,
To have a wicked fling;
We'll stay up good and late tonight,
For Withers Shall Not Wring!

—ROBERT L. BATES.

☞Our lyrists are mighty skittish these sultry weathers. "Eustacia," whose step will evidently bear watching, startles Old Gaffer with mischievous couplets, as follows:—

STUDY IN THE FASTIDIOUS

She was such a lovely thing
Fresh and tender as the spring.
Men and women, waifs and strays
Loved her for her gentle ways.
If not many pretty clothes
Always very charming beaux.
Her fair young life no sin had tainted:
People said she'd never painted.
A china shop her home by day,
At night a room—quite small but gay.
Here gifts would often stray from friends
A baking dish or brass book ends.
One day old Mrs. Vandeveer
Sent her some handsome underwear.
With joy the girl was nearly mad.
Thank God! At last I can be had.

EUSTACIA.

☞The Harcourt Brace fall list is exceptionally strong and the office at 383 Madison Avenue is humping itself. Orders for the books by Ellen Glasgow, Anne Lindbergh and William Seabrook are all riding high; and everyone is curious about the rumors of *Murder in the Cathedral,* a coming detective story by T. S. Eliot. (But *is* it a detective story, which seems incredible?) ☞T. S. Eilot's brother H. W. Eliot wrote the excellent *Murder in the Rumble Seat* (Houghton Mifflin) some time ago. ☞Henry Morton Robinson, author of the exciting *Science versus Crime* (Bobbs-Merrill), is said to be the only poet who is also an expert in firearms. His publisher offers the following challenge on his behalf:—

"Take six different small arms—pistols, shotguns, revolvers, machine-guns—whatever you happen to have around. Blindfold Mr. Robinson. He will dismount all the pieces. You may then scramble them thoroughly, and Mr. Robinson, still blindfolded, will reassemble the pieces by touch alone."

☞Q. hears that Mr. Robert B. Hunt, who was simultaneously Penseroso, Comus and Lycidas in Doubleday's advertising department, will join William Morrow September 1st—"To Morrow, to fresh Woods and Pastures New.' ☞Mrs. Malcolm Bell, of the Little House Bookshop in Savannah, reports enthusiastically on an insect powder which is fatal to bibliophagous Silverfish. She humorously deplores its name, *Thousand Dollar Roach Poison,* but says that in Savannah (where roaches are not merely pedestrian but fly, and as big as humming birds) this genial venenific is gratefully regarded. ☞James Stephens, visiting in Louisville one time, was astound at the stature and vigor of the Southern Roach ☞When we told him, as was true, that O. Henry married a Roach, he was almost puzzled for a moment.

Notes from the Foreign Magazines

By ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

THE Permanent Committee on Letters and Arts of the League of Nations has for several years been meeting annually in this city or that which offers the committee her hospitality, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Madrid, Venice, to discuss each year a specified cultural question—past discussions have concerned "Goethe," "The Future of Culture," "Art and the State," "Art and Reality"—and each year's discussion is briefed in the next following number of the League's cultural organ, *Coopération Intellectuelle,* and eventually appears *in extenso* in a separate volume. This year's discussion took place early in April, in the city of Nice, and the presiding officer was that criptic and "caviare" poet, Paul Valéry. The thought of a round-table conversation participated in by Jules Romains of "unanimisme" fame, the Roumanian-French poetess Hélène Vacaresco, the original Czech story-teller and thinker Karel Capek, the philosopher Lucien Lévy-Bruhl, the versatile Spanish scholar and diplomat Salvador de Madariaga, and the solid British publicist and historian Alfred Zimmermann, is inspiring; and as a matter of fact these conversations are not quite such futile speculations on the Whichness of the Wherewithal as some critics have decided.

This year's theme was "L'Homme que Nous Voulons Faire"—the ideal man for this twentieth century and the most effective educational procedure for producing him (Jacques Chardonne remarked last year in his novel "Pauline": "We have not discovered the fertilizer which will grow men," but the chemists of the League of Nations are still hopeful). Salvador de Madariaga was much in evidence with his brilliant generalizations, and Professor Zimmermann was inclined to follow him with a suggestion that the body come down to earth again. Toward the end of the discussion, Professor Lévy-Bruhl reminded the group that a tribe cannot live a zestful and normal life without myths, although myths that are generally known to be myths have lost their efficacy. The word "myth" caught the imagination of the assembly, and Jules Romains advocated the propagation of the following: (1) Myth of European unity, (2) Myth of the unity of white civilization, (3) Myth of progress, and (4) Myth of universal peace. Professor Zimmermann objected strenuously to the basal word, and declared himself, as an Anglo-Saxon, unalterably opposed to the idea of myth.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

(Continued from page 25)

tures rather than ponderous examples of erudition. From this standpoint, the work is an excellent, informative balance sheet of international politics as of June 1.

R. G.

Religion

ANGLICANISM: The Thought and Practice of the Church of England, Illustrated from the Religious Literature of the Seventeenth Century. Compiled and edited by Paul Elmer More and Frank Leslie Cross. Milwaukee: Morehouse. 1935. $5.

Prospective readers will make a great mistake if they esteem this book only of religious significance, although that it does possess in large measure. As Mr. T. S. Eliot has said of it, the volume contains "some of the finest prose of the seventeenth century [he might have made it of any century] here available for the first time to the man of letters and the common reader." It would be hard to find a more refreshing book for the man who is weary of vulgarity, nostalgic for the company of noble minds who speak with beauty, or one more useful as a gift to him who is learning to write in English. It is true that a good many of the 362 passages in this anthology are available in the better libraries; but nowhere else can they be found so conveniently arranged, while much of the material is inaccessible elsewhere.

For the serious student of religion, also, it is nearly indispensable. In it one can see how there was developed in England, for the modern world, a type of Christianity which avoids alike the traditionalism that alienates many of our contemporaries from the Post-Reformation Roman Church and the individual bias that has characterized Protestantism, a type of Christianity which held to the fundamentals of Catholicism while it rejected all claim to an infallibilism resident either in the Papacy or, by inference, in the Bible. Such a faith was to prove in later times competent to preserve a real religion, rather than a merely humanistic goodwill, yet with no attendant trace of obscurantism. This is a type of Christianity next to unknown in America, and deserving to be better understood here. The men who created it—or rather insisted upon it, against the Tridentine Papacy and Puritanism alike, as the ancient Catholic faith of Christendom—were at once greatly learned and spiritually sincere, notably Richard Hooker, George Herbert, John Donne, Launcelot Andrews, Jeremy Taylor, Henry Vaughan, Izaak Walton, and the Cambridge Platonists, not to forget James I and his son, the martyr.

Mr. More has contributed an introductory essay on "The Spirit of Anglicanism," in his best manner; and there is an illuminating initial paper by Mr. F. R. Arnott of Keble College, Oxford, on "Anglicanism in the Seventeenth Century," very helpful to those whose knowledge of the period is too much colored by memories of Macaulay and Green. But it is the extracts themselves, chosen with discrimination and an admirable fairness, which give this book its major value.

B. I. B.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

MAKE OFFER: five portfolios Haebler's Italian. West European, German, Incunabula. Munich 1927; Dard Hunter's Literature of Papermaking and Primitive Papermaking. Box 604-A.

GREENWICH VILLAGE APARTMENTS, 92 Grove Street, opposite Sheridan Square Park, for exclusive bachelor men, women. Convenient subways. Ample sunshine, through ventilation. Elevator, refrigeration, fireplaces, sunny, breezy roof-terrace. 2-3-4 rooms, bath, $45-$90, unfurnished. Apply resident housekeeper.

ROOM WANTED. Clean, pleasant, near East side subway. College man, 30, references. Reasonable. Box 623-A.

PRIVATE PARTY will exchange duplicates. Uncle Remus, First, fine. Arthur Pym, First English, good. Emerson Essays, First, good. Want Lewis Carroll, Gissing Burns. Box 624-A.

WOMAN, 27, bored, would welcome letters, letters, letters. Box 625-A.

COMPLETE Short Story course for sale, including marketing advice, $15.00. Box 626-A.

YOUNG LADY, professional, wishes to share apartment with another young lady, preferably midtown section of Manhattan. Box 627-A.

WHO IS creatively interested in puppets and in plays for them? Collaboration wanted. Box 628-A.

EXILED HOOSIER seeks acquaintance with companionable young lady who would view autumn colors from his flivver and audit Toscanini from peanut heaven. Box 629-A.

ONE OR TWO young women, to share unusual apartment. Exclusive use of 30 foot room, oriental rugs, original drawings, 3 couches, wood burning fireplace, sunshine. Complete kitchen. Maid service. Very reasonable. References. CHelsea 3-3700, Apartment 524.

304 WEST 89 STREET. Girl to share comfortable apartment, business girl. Dawe—SChuyler 4-1463.

I'M A THIRTY-YEAR-OLD New Yorker looking for someone to shake me out of the rut I'm in. Any offers of help? Marcia.

YOUNG MAN with good education and background, said to be fine literary genius, would be part time private secretary so that he might continue his writings. William Zillman, Hazelhurst, Wisconsin.

DEER HILL FARM HOUSE—Comfortable, attractive, old house, real fireplaces, etc. Food exceptional. Perfect environment for rest, sketching, hiking. Open through September. Mrs. Drummond, South Williamstown, Mass.

SEND A POSTCARD for our list of 10c booklets on art by Rockwell Kent, Mary Austin, Paul Rosenfeld, Frank Jewett Mather, Carl Thurston, and others. Esto Publishing Company, Box 46-V, Pasadena, California.

LIKE RABELAIS, I love learning. I also like letters and talk about books, gangsters, myths. Write Englewooder.

WANTED party interested in rare books and Americana. Box 630-A.

YOUNG MAN liking social sciences and philosophy would write lady similarly enthusiastic. Box 631-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, 26, fluent French and English, experienced secretary-stenographer, desires position; free to travel, drives car, some business experience. Box 632-A.

YOUNG WOMAN desires managership lending library-book shop, privately owned, town or country. Executive ability and personality to draw business. Box 633-A.

PERSONALS

UNCONFIRMED Bachelor, New Yorker, anything but impecunious, transcontinental traveling auditor, diffident but three dimensional, seeks fourth dimensional feminine relief from boredom, prudes ignored. Box 634-A.

WANTED—Free-lance literary work, by young woman, a trained librarian and college graduate, who majored in English literature and has considerable writing ability. Box 635-A.

CLASSIFIED

SCHEDULE OF RATES

ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS, CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNES, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. ALFRED F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Ave., New York.

AMERICAN FIRST EDITIONS. Request new catalogue. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FOREIGN

FRENCH BOOKS OF ALL FRENCH PUBLISHERS, over 500,000 in stock. LOWEST PRICES. Mail CATALOGUE 20c (Stamps). FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's Largest French Bookshop."

BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA IN ALL languages, books on Russian Art our specialty. Research work in Russian art, handicraft, literature and history. Also Russian posters, postcards and Russian picture books for children. Mail order service. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

YOUR STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS, FICTION, Non-fiction, placed, criticized, revised. Professional assistance in placement and publication. New Authors invited. Write, or send manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

MANUSCRIPTS CRITICIZED, REVISED, marketed. It pays to employ professional help. Gertrude R. White, 3816 Chrysler Building, New York.

DOROTHY MARET, PLAY BROKER. Seeking full-length original dramas for New York production. No reading or criticism fee. 5516 Baywood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FORMER LIBRARIAN specializes completing libraries, also procuring out-of-print books reasonably. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

THE BOOK-SHOPPER
COPELIN R. DAY SUMMIT, N. J.
The books you want I can supply.

RARE BOOKS

RARE, OUT-OF-PRINT, New, USED, Occultism, Mysticism, Theosophy, Astrology, Philosophy, Psychology, Eastern Religions. The Gateway, 30 E. 60th St., New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Greatest Book of Our Generation

Seven Pillars OF Wisdom

by T. E. LAWRENCE

THE COMPLETE adventure of Lawrence in Arabia; an imperishable work of 280,000 words, unabridged, unexpurgated. Richly produced in a volume 7½″ x 10″, containing 48 plates in monotone by Augustus John, Sargent, Kennington, Lamb, Dobson, and other artists; 3 extra collotype inserts; 4 maps in two colors, 7 line engravings; bound in buckram, stamped in gold. $5 the copy. Ready September 27. *Order now* from your Bookseller.

Note to Collectors: A Limited DeLuxe Edition is offered, on all-rag paper, containing 4 full-colour plates, and 44 plates in monotone, strictly limited to 750 numbered copies, orders being filled in the sequence of their receipt. Ready September 18th.

Collectors will be interested also in CALIFORNIA ON STONE, by HARRY T. PETERS, author of *Currier & Ives*. A survey of California printmakers, with more than 100 full-page plates in colour and black-and-white. $60.00 the copy. *Orders* now being received.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN AND COMPANY · INCORPORATED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED